The Abdication of Europe *Ronald Steel*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Carter's Laborers

Ken Bode

Kissinger's Future

John Osborne

Irving Howe on a Revolutionary Traditionalist
Jon Kimche on Byzantine Lebanon
Malcolm Cowley on William Faulkner
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TRB

from Washington ®
May 1, 1976

Hobgoblins

It would have been better for President Ford if the pardon he gave Richard Nixon had been conditioned on some kind of admission of guilt, or if the former Watergate special prosecutor Henry S. Ruth, Jr., had found it possible to issue some sort of final judgment on the unresolved issues of the case in his 277-page report of October 1975.

Next to the nagging and continuing riddle of "what kind of man is Jimmy Carter?" the dominant subject in Washington these days is Watergate, which some had thought was behind us. Not at all. It jumps out at us unexpectedly from all sides. It is a restless goblin and bad news for Mr. Ford.

The Pennsylvania primary this Tuesday may decide whether Carter gets the Democratic nomination, and the Texas primary next Saturday may decide whether Mr. Ford overcomes Ronald Reagan or must go through new rounds with the California lightweight and shadow-dancer who gets more jingoistic as he becomes more desperate and who threatens to skew Mr. Ford's whole foreign policy.

But while we wait for those decisions we can do what all Washington is doing, read the Woodward-Bernstein *Final Days* or see the Woodstein *All the President's Men*, and be reminded of Watergate all over again. Frank Church, starting his campaign, assails Mr. Ford as "a weak President who pardons Richard Nixon and then looks the other way while Nixon's lieutenants stand trial," and the subject bounces up again unexpectedly in Herbert E. Alexander's 800-page *Financing the 1972 Election*, released this weekend. The matter won't die. There is this difference between now and 1924 after the Harding scandals when Coolidge was Mister Clean as Mr. Ford is today. Coolidge didn't give Harding an unconditional pardon and Harding wasn't living at San Clemente, or traveling to China in the subsequent election. Harding had conveniently died.

Every four years Herb Alexander gets out a recapitulation of what the last presidential election cost through the Citizens' Research Foundation at Princeton. It is packed with material, a handbook for political writers. For example, the presidential bill last time was $137,854,000, Alexander figures, and the cost of the 1972 political binge (President, Congress, governors, mayors, dog-catchers) was about $425 million.

But the study this year doesn't stop with 1972; it comes down through events that followed Nixon's splendid victory, in which he carried everything but Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. There are chapters by Alexander and his associates on where the money came for Watergate, where it went, lists of corporate malefactors and how they scrambled back into the woodwork; of how, finally, the affairs shamed a hesitant Congress into writing a federal campaign financing law (though it didn't keep the legislative irresponsibles from going off on spring vacation while the candidates sweated in Pennsylvania for funds). And reading Alexander's three long chapters on Watergate not only brings it back but reminds us of the Ford problem.

The fact is, you see, the story hasn't been told; the riddle is still there. And as with every unsolved mystery, people keep talking about it; they always come back to the pardon.

Alexander's style is colorless and bland, but in digging around among campaign funds he comes upon items like that now-famous $100,000 given to Nixon pal Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo, who said he kept the cash in a strongbox for three years and then returned it. How does a computer analysis put this into a well-ordered balance sheet?

After all, why did now-dead Howard Hughes send the money to Rebozo? What happened to Rebozo? Was some of that money, as the Ervin committee investigators assert, "passed by Rebozo through three bank accounts and a cashier's check, none in his name, to purchase jewelry given by the President as a gift to his wife . . . tops, 16 pear shape diamonds, bottoms, two pear shaped diamonds, two tapered baguette diamonds"? Woodward-Bernstein don't tell us that; who erased the 18 and a half minutes of tape? Why in the world did Nixon's men break into Watergate in the first place; what were they after?

There are lots of statistical goodies in Alexander's compendium, like the evidence that Maurice Stans "was, without dispute, the most successful fund raiser in American history, Mark Hanna and Matthew McCloskey notwithstanding" ($35 million in 1968; $60 million in 1972). And the auctions of ambassadorships; the Luxembourg spot went for $300,000, payment held back by prearrangement till the stock market went up, and Senate confirmation without dissent. But it's the nagging Watergate riddles that we keep coming back to. The Hughes' gift was in two parts of $50,000 each, with consecutively numbered $100 bills deposited in a Las Vegas bank by the Hughes casinos. Hank Greenspun, editor of the Las Vegas *Sun*, asked whether the Hughes money helped buy San Clemente. The White House believed Greenspun had handwritten Hughes memos; and in early 1972 Jack Anderson and *The New York Times* said they had hard evidence of a connection between Hughes and Rebozo. What triggered the break-in? Alexander repeats the speculation—"perhaps a hunt for evidence relating to the Hughes $100,000" which was thought to have come into Democratic chairman O'Brien's possession.

The Ervin committee showed dozens of discrepancies in testimony on the Hughes-Rebozo affair and turned boxes of evidence over to Special Prosecutor Ruth when the Senate inquiry went out of business. Ruth examined the evidence; it was insufficient to bring a case, he decided, and it wouldn't be fair to disclose the raw testimony, or speculate on it, without a case. The failure to offer an official summation was, and is, stunning. A wind-up prosecutor (Charles F. Ruff) succeeded Ruth. That was six months back.

Under normal conditions, Richard Nixon, criminally involved in the cover-up, would have been tried and the facts brought out; that's what prosecutors expected. But Nixon was pardoned. Ruth called it "atrocious." Alexander drily notes that Ford asked Congress for $850,000 to ease Nixon's transition to private life, but that Congress only approved $200,000. A great man for figures is Herbert Alexander.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 174, No. 18, Issue 3199, May 1, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by* The New Republic, Inc., *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

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Of Two Minds About Crime

President Ford's thoughts on crime, to the extent that he has expressed any in this campaign, harken back to the tough policies of the Nixon administration. It is no surprise that the President wants the courts to give heavier sentences to felons, and that he thinks too many criminals are loose on the street. He explained his feelings to the Florida Bar Association in February: "The time has come for society to act in its own self-defense. I favor the use of the death penalty in the federal criminal system in accordance with proper constitutional standards . . . As President I would give no comfort to those who make false allegations of police brutality but excuse the real brutality that exists in America today, the brutality of hoodlums in the streets of our cities throughout America." In addition to bringing back the death penalty, Ford said the main thrust of his attack was a proposal to set mandatory minimum sentences for a variety of offenses in which a gun or other dangerous weapon is used. In the list of serious crimes Ford included hijacking, kidnaping, dealing in "hard drugs" and repeated commission of crimes that "harm or endanger others." He suggested that his plan would sweep violent criminals off the streets and into the prisons, or at least intimidate them into obeying the law.

It's difficult to say precisely what the President has in mind when he speaks of mandatory sentences because he has endorsed at least two different versions of penal reform, and his own advisers seem to be steering in different directions. It may suit him to prolong this confusion because the ideas he has endorsed have different political connotations, one being harsher than the other, and he may feel it is safer to blur the distinctions than to be specific. As things stand, Ford has given vocal support to the hardline view that minimum sentences must be passed by Congress to stiffen the resolve of judges and parole boards. Yet at the same time he has given quiet approval to the Justice Department's plan to develop a more general and more generous reform known by the catch-phrase "sentencing guidelines." The latter was first proposed in Congress by Sen. Edward Kennedy. Like Ford, Kennedy hedged his bet this year; he introduced a second bill—a tough minimum sentencing plan modeled after the President's—so that he too is covered on both fronts. Eventually the politicians will have to choose one of the two approaches.

It's not generally known that the criminal code already requires

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minimum sentences for certain crimes mentioned by the President—federal offenses in which a gun or explosives are used, for example. So Ford is really proposing to increase and expand the use of minimum penalties, and in the process he hopes he will make crime appear more risky to the criminal. Lawyers who are familiar with the code, even those in the Justice Department, tend to view this as a gimmicky and not terribly effective tactic.

In the first place, minimum penalty statutes are written carefully to apply only to the most dangerous felons, and therefore they usually catch people who would draw heavy penalties in any event. If on the other hand they are made to apply to non-dangerous criminals, or if they are designed to force courts to impose very harsh sentences, they are often circumvented. Juries hesitate to convict, prosecutors shrink from prosecuting and judges find imaginative ways to redefine the offense into a less punitive category. The purpose of the law in these cases is nullified, and the object lesson is lost. Mandatory sentences, furthermore, do nothing at all to alleviate the backlog in the criminal courts, the inadequacy of prison facilities or the general lethargy that afflicts the penal system. Perhaps the most damning comment on the minimum penalty scheme was one offered in its defense by an aide to Sen. Kennedy. It is, the aide said, "a publicity move in the finest sense of the word" because it lets criminals know in the clearest language that they cannot avoid going to prison if convicted. But, one wonders, if this fanfare of publicity is not accompanied by actual changes in the way criminals are caught and sentenced, won't it spread the word that the system has truly gone bust?

The way to change the courts' behavior, if that is the goal, is not to set down minimum penalties here and there for a handful of violent crimes. Rather it is to simplify and standardize the entire sentencing procedure. This would make punishment speedier and more consistent; it might help remove the aura of incompetence that hangs over the criminal system today. The concept has already been endorsed in a general way by such diverse interests as the American Civil Liberties Union, Senators Kennedy and Hruska, Attorney General Edward Levi and his deputy, Judge Harold Tyler, Jr., the states of Maine and Illinois, the Twentieth Century Fund and scores of academics and professional penologists. President Ford has given tentative approval, and the Justice Department is now drafting a bill to set univeral guidelines for federal sentencing. The concept in a slightly different form proposed by the ACLU is also known as "flat-time sentencing" because it would flatten the range of discretion judges have in punishing criminals.

The Justice Department and Sen. Kennedy would run the project in roughly the same way. A commission would be asked to take surveys and determine what sort of penalty fits each federal crime committed by a person of a given age with a given criminal record. These average figures, upon agreement of the commissioners, would become fixed federal sentences. Judges would adhere to them as closely as possible. A conviction for armed robbery, for example, might bring a 20-year-old man an automatic sentence of two to three years in prison. The judge would be allowed to set a higher or lower sentence only in extraordinary cases,

"Please take a number and have a seat—I hope we can attend to you shortly!"

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and only if he accompanied the sentence with an explanation of his reason for deviating from the standard. In addition, the defendant could appeal the sentence (which is not possible now) if it were higher than average, and the prosecutor could do the same if it were lower. This would tend to enforce the norm.

In its most austere form, this approach attempts to remove human judgment altogether. In the ACLU's flat-time plan, parole would be abolished since it is said to impose unwelcome and irrelevant demands on prisoners. It also blurs the sharp outlines of the prison sentence, normally reducing the jail term by two-thirds. Nearly all the factors that should determine early release from prison, the ACLU believes, are known at the time of sentencing and can be taken into account in setting the penalty. Any rehabilitative programs inside the prison would be truly voluntary, and probably more useful to those who care to join them. The object of all this would be to shorten all prison terms, increase the speed with which people pass through the system and establish a clockwork method of sentencing that would not be affected by emotional factors. Attorney General Levi favors most of these proposals, including the abolition of parole, because he believes they would make punishment seem less "accidental" and more the "inevitable consequence of wrongdoing."

No major overhaul of the penal system such as this will take place in 1976, however. The election season seems to have put that out of the question. The logical vehicle for reform, the criminal code revision known as Senate Bill 1, has run its course in this Congress and is expected to die before year's end. The credit for its demise lies with the President, who gave it little visible support, and with Senate liberals, who walked away from the bill just as they began to win concessions from the conservatives. (That's the subject of another story.) The result is that the only changes likely to occur this year, if any, will be superficial: the minimum sentence variety.

False Prophecy

One of the risks of magazine journalism is that events will overtake the printing press. That's what happened last week in Robert Samuelson's article, "Trade War Ahead?". As *TNR* was coming off the presses, the White House was announcing that the President had decided not to impose any import restrictions on shoes. The article had anticipated that the President, confronted with conflicting recommendations from his advisers, would probably opt for some types of restrictions—a step that seemed to promote an undesirable drift away from freer world trade. We're glad the President did otherwise.

White House Watch
Kissinger's Future

A caller and Gerald Ford discussed Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and his standing and relationship with the President the other day.

The visitor said he just wanted to look the President in the eye and hear from him the truth about his attitude toward, relationship with and expectations regarding Kissinger. Mr. Ford answered that he'd meant every word, he'd been telling the absolute truth—straight from the shoulder—when he said publicly and often that he expects the Secretary to remain in office as long as he wishes and (at Green Bay, Wisconsin on April 3) that "I would like Secretary Kissinger to be Secretary of State as long as I am President." What about such associates and friends as Howard Callaway, Rogers Morton, Melvin Laird who'd said recently and variously that Kissinger should quit, was going to quit, intended to quit before the year is out or before another term begins? Was the President sending signals to Kissinger through them? Mr. Ford said he was not. Were they sending signals to the President? The President said rather cryptically that he has a fine relationship with Henry Kissinger and expects to keep it that way.

Mr. Ford was reminded that he'd said after his defeat of Ronald Reagan in the Wisconsin Republican primary that "I thought that the results in Wisconsin certainly fully justified my faith in Henry Kissinger" and that "my full support for Secretary Kissinger is fortified by the decision in Wisconsin"—the point being that Reagan had delivered a savage attack on Kissinger just before the Wisconsin primary. Would a serious loss to Reagan in Texas, where Reagan was pressing his attack on Kissinger as an appeaser and betrayer of American interests, lead the President to conclude that Kissinger was too much of a political liability to retain during the rest of this campaign year? Although the fact was not mentioned to the President, Kissinger was wondering about that and was prepared to quit if he were asked to. Mr. Ford said there was no such possibility, no such thought in his mind. The Wisconsin and Texas primaries were entirely different. Wisconsin was a head-to-head preferential contest. The Texas primary would be a contest for delegates and not a direct preferential confrontation. So the President wouldn't read the Texas result as a vote for or against Kissinger, however Ford and Reagan fared. Anyhow, the President said, the polls continued to show and he continued to regard Henry Kissinger as a political asset, not as a political liability.

Did all this mean that the President *wanted* Kissinger to remain in the office and *wanted* him to continue as Secretary of State in the next Ford term if there is one? The President said that he wanted Kissinger to stay and

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that all he'd been saying applies to the next term. Finally, to what extent had he and Kissinger gone into the subject of Kissinger's future? The President said he'd said to Kissinger in private what he'd been saying publicly and that Kissinger had said that he'd quit whenever the President concluded that he was a political liability or ineffective for any other reason. That, the President said, was about as far as their discussions had gone.

It's plain to Kissinger associates who deal regularly and intimately with him that, whatever assurances he may have from the President, the constant barrage of speculation and the attacks from the Reagan Right keep him on edge. Personal sensitivities apart, and Henry Kissinger is abundantly equipped with them, he considers with reason that the speculation and the attacks in combination diminish his effectiveness with other governments. Lesser worries gnaw at him: among others, the flawed word portrait of him in the widely read and quoted Woodward-Bernstein book, *The Final Days*, and the distinct possibility that he may eventually be held liable for huge civil damages as a result of the suit brought against him and others by Morton Halperin, a former assistant who was wiretapped in 1969-71. Yet Kissinger sustains at least a semblance of his old élan. At this writing he is about to be off on his first tour of Africa, and he soon will be revisiting Latin America. At home he is often on the road, defining and defending Ford-Kissinger foreign policy in speeches, question-answer exchanges with his audiences, and private sessions with local leadership groups. These expeditions refresh him and, particularly at the leadership sessions, he impresses otherwise critical hearers. In Phoenix on April 16, for instance, an editor of the conservative *Arizona Republic* attended a leadership discussion and wrote afterward that Kissinger "apparently chooses to fill his public pronouncements with eloquent platitudes and his off-the-record private conversation with earthy, direct and unmistakably revealing grasps of the crises brewing around American shores." Kissinger's public pronouncements are neither all that eloquent nor all that different from his private points. But the editor was correct in his perception that Kissinger is "tormented . . . by the painful suspicion . . . that America's political institutions lack the resolve and will to face up to international power pressures." It is from distorted versions of Kissinger's private talk to this effect that Ronald Reagan, retired Adm. Elmo Zumwalt, Jr., and other critics derive their mistaken impression and charge that the Secretary of State has relegated the US to "second place" in the world.

At an earlier leadership session in Boston, Kissinger provided an interesting insight into his thinking about his own and the next administration's future. A guest asked whom he would recommend to the next President as the next Secretary of State. Kissinger answered—and here I write with understanding that second-hand accounts of this kind can be no better than approximately accurate—that it would depend on whether the next President is a Republican or a Democrat and on what the President's priorities are. If the next President is a Republican and his first desire is for a Secretary of State who thinks conceptually about foreign policy and would be good at helping the President formulate it, Kissinger probably would

"I have been advised that this statement is probably incorrect . . ."

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recommend Elliot Richardson. If the first need were for a Secretary of State who could effectively explain and defend foreign policy to Congress, Kissinger would recommend Melvin Laird. If the first requirement were for a Secretary who could explain and defend policy to both Congress and the public, Kissinger's choice would be John Connally. If the demand were for a Secretary who would be reasonably good at all of these things—thinking out, formulating, explaining and defending policy—he would recommend his friend and sometime patron, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. Kissinger said that he'd be in more difficulty if the next President is a Democrat. To the extent that he had thought this contingency through, and he hadn't thought it through very far, he probably and rather reluctantly would recommend former Ambassador and Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance.

It was interesting that Kissinger, who must assume that if the next President is a Republican he will be Gerald Ford, didn't so much as hint that in that event he'd recommend himself. Many of his friends and associates are convinced that he's made up his mind to decline reappointment in the next term if Mr. Ford is the President and offers it to him. The question remains (and I don't think it's a serious question) whether Kissinger at the crunch can bring himself to forego the delights and pomps of power. A friend who believes that he will forego all that if he has the choice, and devoutly hopes that he will have the sense to do it, is Melvin Laird. Laird figured in Kissinger's decision at the President's request to remain in the office after last January 1, when he had intended to quit, reasoning that it was the right time, both from his and Mr. Ford's standpoints, for him to go. He submitted a letter of resignation to the President. Like Richard Nixon in late 1970, Mr. Ford urged him to reconsider and stay on. Kissinger thought it over during a short vacation in the Caribbean and, when he returned, discussed the matter with Laird. Laird urged him to stay through this term but to make up his mind, and to tell the President, that it would be time for him to go at the end of the term. Laird had this history in mind when he said in answer to a question at a University of Wisconsin student session recently that he expects Kissinger to leave at the end of the term. Laird was signalling Kissinger, not the President. Mr. Ford knows that Laird has so advised Kissinger. I suspect but don't know that there is a connection between these facts and the President's generous indication that he'd like to have Kissinger remain into the next term.

John Osborne

Byzantine Collusion

Bloody Lebanon

by Jon Kimche

There had been nothing like it since Balaam came to curse the Israelites and stayed to bless them; there had been nothing like it until this April 12 when Syria's President Hafiz al-Assad spoke to the annual conference of the "Union of the Youth of the Revolution" in the auditorium of Damascus University. Just three months earlier, on January 19, President Assad had ordered the Syrian-controlled Palestine Liberation Army and its guerrilla-wing, the *Saiqa*, to cross into Lebanon to assist the Moslem and Palestinian forces there to overcome the Christians and the regular army positions supporting them and to break into the Christian heartland on the coast. This they proceeded to do and the days of the Christian community and of its political power and independence appeared to be numbered ("Bleeding Lebanon," *TNR*, Jan. 31, 1976).

We know now from President Assad himself (to quote his words to the Damascus students) just what the Syrian troops were expected to do for the Moslem Leftists and the Palestinians engaged in battle against the Christians: "They [Kamil Jumblatt, the Palestinian leaders and the Moslem Leftist commanders] said to us—let us continue the march for another two weeks. We shall purge the villages and the [Christian] areas. Details were discussed, the names of the mountain villages and the cities in the plain were mentioned." Across the border in Lebanon, it looked as if it were all over for the Christians but for the killing and the looting. The night of January 20, President Franjieh and

Jon Kimche, author of *The Second Arab Awakening*, edits *Afro-Asian Affairs*.

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all the Christian leaders sent a last desperate message to President Ford. Ford referred it to Kissinger and Kissinger alerted Moscow, much in the way he had done in the final phase of the October War in 1973.

Very few of the details are as yet known of the pressures that were used and the reasons that prevailed to bring about a dramatic change. But we do know the end result, and we do know a good deal of the broad lines of a development that, however, took three months to complete the transition from the curse to the blessing. Assad, the "Hero-President," as the Lebanese Christians now hail him, was not quite as fast a worker of miracles as was the biblical Balaam. But it must have sounded like a miracle all the same to those Lebanese Christians who had not been party to this new transmogrification in Damascus when they heard President Assad's speech on April 12. "We Syrians," he said, "Moslems and Christians alike, are ready to move into the Lebanon to protect every oppressed person regardless of his religious denomination, to confront any aggressor or oppressor regardless of his religious claims." President Assad left no doubt that those whom he would confront in Lebanon were the so-called Progressives of Kamil Jumblatt, the Palestinian "revolutionaries" and the Moslem "traders in religion," the Leftist gang-leaders in Beirut and in Tripoli and the dissident Lebanese Arab Army. They were hatching a conspiracy against the Arab nation, he warned.

The response was instantaneous. Lebanon's Christian President Franjieh cabled expressions of profound gratitude for the action taken by President Assad—"May God preserve you as an asset for fraternal Syria, Arabism and Chivalry." Camille Chamoun, the hard-line Christian minister of the interior, welcomed "with great satisfaction" the Syrian initiative and its political solutions and the sentiments expressed in President Assad's speech. Pierre Gemayel, the commander of the Christian Phalange, publicly commented the following day that Assad's was no ordinary speech. "It was a historic speech," he said, "The Hero-President had torn the veil from the eyes of the hypocrites, the traders in politics who are wearing the mask of Arab causes and of Palestine." Their "deceptions, ideological intimidation and treacherous terrorism had gravely harmed the cause of the Palestinians," he added. And for good measure, in Jerusalem, Prime Minister Rabin counselled that "the Government of Israel would take only those measures demanded by Israel's security." He advised careful judgment in this complex Lebanese situation. "Matters have developed in such a way today that the Syrians are now the saviours of the Christians, at least for the present." That was on the day after Assad's Damascus speech, April 13. He doubted whether the Christians held any illusions about the longer-term prospects. Manifestly they don't: there is already in Lebanon a functioning and well-armed infrastructure for a Christian separatist state.

For Kamil Jumblatt, Arafat, Habash and their supporters, the militant Moslem groups, the Progressive Socialists, and the PLO leadership as well as the Rejection Front, President Assad's speech was the long-feared confirmation that Syria had crossed over to "the other side." For days they met in conference to decide whether to mount a military or political confrontation; but in turn, they abandoned first the military opposition and then open political confrontation. Instead, they sent Yasir Arafat and Hawatmeh to Damascus to negotiate with Assad. Arafat returned to Beirut on Good Friday; he brought with him an ostensible agreement designed to satisfy, if not exactly reassure, the Palestinians and the Leftists. In terms of the balance of power in Lebanon it changed nothing: it left the Syrians in a position of unchallenged authority to throw their weight into either side of the balance; it still further divided the Palestinians and was spurned by the militant Moslems. Beirut had a record 208 dead on that Good Friday and many were injured.

What then had happened in the interregnum between January 20 when the Christians cried out for help from Washington and April 12 when their cry was publicly answered—to their full satisfaction—by President Assad from Damascus? A crucial and significant role in all that followed was played by King Hussein of Jordan and the peregrinating Soviet Ambassador Vinogradoff. Between them they pushed President Assad into a remarkable posture of collusion with the United States, with the benevolent but not public approval of the Soviet Union, and with the massive financial inducements provided by Saudi Arabia to the Syrians. Kissinger provided the necessary protective cover for the Syrians, or more precisely for President Assad, by an arrangement restricting the Syrian intervention to clearly defined areas well clear of what is described as the Israeli security zone, south and east of the Hasbani and Litani rivers and the Mount Hermon region, which ensured Israeli non-intervention so long as these constraints on Syrian or Palestinian troop movements were observed.

The Russians provided President Assad with another kind of cover: Ambassador Muhidinoff in Damascus was able to reassure President Assad that such action as he might take to maintain the peace and stability in Lebanon on the lines proposed by the Americans would not be considered in Moscow as an unfriendly act. On the contrary, the Kremlin was becoming gravely disturbed by the possible repercussions to the growing anarchy in Lebanon, and by its impact on the Arab world with evidence everywhere of growing Arab disunity. It was largely Soviet persuasion that made Arafat go to Damascus and accept Assad's terms.

This Byzantine collusion could have provided for the rescue of the beleaguered Christians in Lebanon, for the time being; for an orderly succession to the presidency; and for an end to the senseless killing and destruction which, by its example, has probably put to

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rest any prospect of a Palestinian state on the West Bank for a long time to come, no matter how the local electors voted. But it did not work out that way. For at the critical moment when Arafat came to Damascus on Good Friday, President Assad faltered and failed to drive home the advantages of his strong position. He had taken his stand on April 12 at great risk because in doing so he had gone beyond the so-called red line, which was the trip-wire for Israeli intervention. But Rabin had understood the implications and had held back. For the one thing that President Assad cannot afford to have is a non-solution in Lebanon. That could be fatal to him.

However, before Arafat came to Damascus, President Assad received a peculiar message from the American envoy. It pressed him to seek an accommodation with Arafat and not to force the showdown with Jumblatt and the Palestinians for which Assad had prepared himself, and for which he believed he had the full support of the Americans and of the Lebanese Christians and Shia Moslems.

Instead, he was persuaded by the Americans to conclude an agreement with Arafat that merely recreated all the old uncertainties and doubts—and added one more all-important doubt about Assad's intentions. The Christian Phalange leader Pierre Gemayel said afterwards that Arafat, as an honored guest in Lebanon, was fully entitled to make agreements between the Palestinians and the Syrians "but he cannot speak for the Lebanese."

More important, however, is the evidence that the Christian leaders have now had second thoughts about the implications of the Syrian presence. They are looking for additional guarantees. For one thing, they want to be sure who will succeed as the new president; they want to be certain now that it will not be the nominee of the left, the Maronite Raymond Ette. They would prefer (though without great enthusiasm) the former governor of the Central Bank, Elias Sarkis, to succeed in the presidency; he is also President Assad's choice.

As a result of what appears to have been a rather ill-timed display of American uncertainty, the Lebanese problem has now become very much a Syrian problem—and not the only one. To begin with, there is President Assad's own position. He is an Alawi, a member of a none-too-popular minority in Syria, and his authority if not his position has lately been assailed from a number of rival positions of power in the country. His own Baath party's National Command—very much Sunni-Moslem dominated—voted on March 15 a series of new measures that severely restrict President Assad's authority in taking major decisions and in choosing his governments. Inside Syria, the balance of power on which Assad's authority rests is finely balanced. But President Assad could not risk the consequences of the interventionist policy in Lebanon as conducted in January. That would have resulted in the victorious emergence of the National Front of the Sunni-Moslems, the Palestinians and Jumblatt's Druze Progressive Socialists—a militant force strong enough to tilt the Sunni balance inside Syria against Assad.

At the heart of the collusion, of the policy so effectively advanced by King Hussein and Kissinger, and supported by Saudi Arabia and Moscow, was precisely the need to restore the old balance of power in Lebanon. This could be done only by securing the continuity of the Christian presence in government and militarily. This position was achieved with Syrian help—at least temporarily—during Easter weekend.

But it was achieved only at considerable political cost and risk. A different set of irritants is being introduced against President Assad. The Egyptians, the Iraqis, the Libyans, the Algerians and—suddenly—also the Russians have been warning their particular Palestinian clients of the dangers facing them as a result of the Syrian - American - Christian - Israeli - Jordanian collusion. President Sadat has been energetically encouraging the Fatah leaders in the PLO to take a stand against Syria; the Iraqis and the Libyans have done the same with the Rejection Front leaders. George Habash, the head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, responded in an interview published in his weekly magazine *As-Samoud* on April 14. He said they had learned the lesson of Chile, and that "violence is the only way of settling the contradictions of Lebanese society." He called for a formation of a Lebanese-Palestinian National Front to confront the threat presented by the Syrian presence in Lebanon.

On April 12, as President Assad spoke in Damascus, the official organ of the Palestinians warned that the PLO will stand with the Lebanese Leftists against Syrian intervention, but four days later Arafat had agreed in Damascus to a continuation of the Syrian political role. At the same time, the powerful Shia community in southern Lebanon has come out strongly in support of the Syrian position and against the Palestinians. Thus, however the Lebanese situation develops, it leads to two important open-ended situations that could well provide President Assad with his most intractable problems.

If, in fact, there is a "Greater Syria" in Lebanon's future, how would Damascus absorb the hard-core Lebanese Christian community? It ought not to be underrated and many of those who know both Christian and Syrian competence would not be

COMING: Richard Critchfield

on whom to feed

and whom to let starve

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surprised if the Christian tail were to wag the Syrian dog; it could suit Assad and help him in his power struggle with the Sunni Moslem majority and the Palestinians. Associated with this uncertain factor is the degree of support on which President Assad can count from his twin superpower protectors. How far would the United States go in redrawing the Versailles map of Syria-Lebanon-Palestine-Jordan?

As for the Russians, they appear to have incurred for themselves another set of Middle East dilemmas. After having privately reassured President Assad for 10 weeks that they fully understand his position and would not oppose his intervention, they began to reverse the process in public at the beginning of April. The Russians appear to have stepped out of the private diplomatic activity that prepared the ground for the Syrian change of front, and they have now entered the public arena in *Izvestia* on April 5, in *Pravda* on April 8 and with a number of broadcasts from Moscow beamed in Arabic to the Middle East. The general line of argument is that the Lebanese crisis is the product of attempts by the United States, especially by Kissinger and Sen. Henry Jackson, to divert attention from the crisis in Israel and to use the US Sixth Fleet, which is in Lebanese waters, to crush the Palestinians. There is also a threat from the provocative deployment of Israeli troops. Moscow has produced a kind of Lebanese dream world for its own public and seems rather at a loss for *what to do next.*

The big question not being discussed publicly now but clearly worrying the Israelis and the Christians—and also the others associated in the Syrian intervention—is what happens at the end of this process? Annexation and partition for Lebanon? Or what happens if the process breaks down and the Syrians withdraw or go too far? And what will Assad do with the Palestinians? The real Lebanese crisis is still to come—and it will not be confined to Lebanon. It will require something more than a Byzantine collusion to resolve it. Moreover it is premature now to assume that Israel would not move into southern Lebanon no matter what the Syrians do. Assad's brinkmanship when he moved his tanks has paid off; and it might not do so next time—especially if the Christian, Syrian and Israeli doubts about the American position are borne out by further evidence of indecision in Washington. No one concerned has failed to note that so long as the United States position was firm in support of Assad's firmness against the leftists and the Palestinians, Soviet policy went along with it; the moment Washington began to falter, to hold back Assad and to have second thoughts about his intentions, the Russians stepped in publicly to support the Palestinians and to attack the "American-Zionist" policy. American indecision could well become the cue also for Israeli intervention. In the meantime, the blood flows, left and right, Moslem and Christian, continuously and almost *certainly without purpose.*

Carter and the Liberal Unions

Division of Labor

by Ken Bode

In the Washington offices of the Labor Coalition Clearinghouse, there is a presidential delegate chart, a count of delegates elected and pledged to the various candidates, which you will never see. It shows how well Jimmy Carter is doing compared to Henry Jackson or Mo Udall, and it reveals the uncommitted totals; it also includes subtotals and classifications that reflect its keepers' assumption that a first ballot nomination is already all but impossible. What the Coalition leaders want to know now is how many delegates are affiliated with labor unions, how many were slated, endorsed, or elected with union help and how long they are bound by law or party rules to vote for their initial preference.

Last September, the presidents of nine generally liberal labor unions met and approved a game plan designed by their political and legislative staffs (see "Six Million Workers Minus George Meany," *TNR*, Jan. 31, 1976). The unions include the Communications Workers (CWA); the Machinists; the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME); the Electrical Workers; the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers; Graphic Arts International; the Auto Workers (UAW); the Mine Workers (UMW) and the National Education Association (NEA). All but

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NEA, the UAW and the Mine Workers are AFL-CIO affiliates, but in this year's presidential campaign, all are acting independently of the larger federation.

The Coalition arrangement called for a multi-candidate strategy designed primarily to win delegates and influence for labor at Madison Square Garden. With eight primaries, a dozen caucuses and most filing deadlines now passed, it is possible to do a preliminary summation of the Coalition's accomplishments, its commitments in the remaining primaries, and also to log some of the criticisms that its strategy and successes have engendered.

Being permanently bound to no single candidate enabled the nine unions to remain flexible in a year that has defied most prognostications, and Coalition leaders are trying to stick to that strategy even now when their options in doing so are sharply diminished. In Iowa, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the unions were divided among Carter, Udall, Shriver, Bayh, Harris and Jackson, winning some delegates with each man, even in instances where labor-endorsed candidates ran against one another.When Bayh—the pragmatic and ideological favorite of many Coalition leaders—dropped out, they barely missed a step in switching many of their already slated delegates from Bayh to Udall in New York.

At this point, Coalition leaders refuse to disclose how many union delegates have actually been elected—ostensibly because, like presidential candidates, they do not want to fall short of their own projections, but also because too much obvious success might breed misgivings about their purposes. Conservative estimates show that in Florida, where Carter got unanimous Coalition backing, one third of his delegates will be union members. In Massachusetts, the Coalition claimed about 14 delegates, in New York, about 30; they got half-a-dozen from Illinois and exactly half of the 40 picked thus far in the caucus-convention system in Iowa. In each of these places, at-large delegates remain to be chosen—usually by those delegates already elected—and the unions expect to better their positions at that time. For example, AFSCME ran 40 phones for two-and-a-half weeks for Udall before the New York primary, and there is a reasonable expectation that union district executive director Victor Gotbaum will be among those added to that delegation.

In other places, like Wisconsin, primaries are over but delegate selection lies ahead. There the Coalition unions—mainly the Auto Workers, AFSCME and the Communications Workers—backed Udall in seven districts, Carter in two. They made an estimated 90,000 phone calls, sent political mailings to about 110,000 union families, and ran a get-out-the vote drive on primary day. "Every poll in the state showed Carter 10 to 14 points ahead two weeks before the primary," says one Coalition organizer, who adds, "We kept Udall alive." They also gave Carter a narrow victory in one of the districts where he had Coalition backing and his largest plurality in the other. When delegates are named, the unions expect consideration from both camps.

With federal matching funds embargoed and filing deadlines, slating sessions and primaries piled one upon the other, the manpower and resources offered by the unions have become increasingly valuable. The Coalition's ability to bargain with those candidates it endorses in order to get union-approved delegates on presidential slates has increased correspondingly. In Indiana, where the Coalition is backing Carter throughout the state, the unions opened their negotiations with Carter's managers by asking for 80 percent of the total delegates they won in that state. "We didn't do that well," admits a Coalition staff member. "We settled on a formula with a sliding scale. If Carter does well, we'll get more than if he does poorly. If we produce, we're entitled to a larger percentage." The unions concluded a similar incentive arrangement with Carter in Connecticut, where the Coalition has a combined membership of about 250,000 people, nearly all of them registered Democrats.

Holding to the multi-candidate, no-endorsement strategy is more complicated now that the picture has begun to clear and the range of options has diminished. At the moment, it is still Carter, Jackson or Udall—whoever the local membership will support, whoever looks most like a winner, and whoever will make a deal. One candidate who refused to make a deal was Henry Jackson—at least in Ohio. There the Coalition proposed to back Jackson in nine districts, other candidates in the remaining fourteen. "They offered to join us where we were strong, districts we figured to win anyway," says one of Jackson's managers, "and where we needed help, they were backing our opposition. In return for that they wanted to name a large share of our delegates." Jackson demanded an all or nothing deal for Ohio, and—except for the Machinists who broke away from the Coalition and are backing Jackson statewide—nothing is what he got. The remaining unions are backing Udall in nine districts, Carter in 10, and local favorite sons in the remaining four.

No union president has yet endorsed a single candidate though the Machinists are seen to be headed to Jackson; "In reality, they're already there," says a top official of another union. Two other presidents, Leonard Woodcock of the UAW and Jerry Wurf of AFSCME, probably the most influential men in the Coalition, are clearly leaning to Carter—not because he's their first choice, "But when the electability factor is weighted in . . ."

During a recent campaign visit to Michigan, Carter addressed a meeting of 700 or so UAW members and their families at the late Walter Reuther's home local, accompanied by Woodcock and Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit, one of the first black politicians in the country to come to Carter's defense in the flap over

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ethnic purity. Bill Dodds, the union's Washington-based political director, described Carter's reception as "electrifying." Shortly thereafter, the UAW leadership met and decided not to endorse in the upcoming Michigan primary. Some believe that Carter's ethnic purity remark cost him that endorsement; others claim the union is internally too divided to decide.

Wurf's tilt to Carter is more surprising and more tenuous. Wurf is both a liberal and the president of the nation's largest public employee union; Jimmy Carter is a moderate-to-conservative Democrat, and despite his protestations delivered in the nation's capital last week ("I don't believe I ever made an anti-Washington, anti-government statement"), both his stump rhetoric and paid advertising are consistently anti-Washington and anti-government. Carter is very much a part of the "beating down of government in this campaign," which Wurf regards as "pandering" to the electorate. "What we're really talking about," he says, "is the delivery of services, and because of the position I hold, that concerns me. Right now, we're under attack and we're trying to find some rational answers to demagogy. Perhaps there is a measure of legitimacy in some of these criticisms, along with a measure of bullshit, and maybe it will all lead to a useful reexamination. But right now it has made candidates shy away from government solutions to serious problems and needs."

Nevertheless, Wurf is favorable to Carter: "I'm impressed with the fact that when I ask him questions, he doesn't give me the answers I like, but he sticks to the answers he gives. He's vague, but in some ways that's better than the utopias these other guys spin off, things we could never send over to the Congress."

By continuing their pragmatic stance of endorsing Jackson and Carter delegates now that the field is narrowed and Udall, the only progressive remaining, is weak and needs help, the Coalition Clearinghouse has drawn some fire from its liberal allies, especially on the matter of Carter: "Jimmy Carter is the fellow who went to Houston in 1972 and called a press conference to kick off the stop-McGovern movement. A year later, he went to Columbus, Ohio and tried to organize his fellow Democratic governors against partisan exploitation of Watergate. He's weak on the issues that the unions claim they care most about—full employment, national health insurance and right-to-work. He was against aid to New York City until the New York primary, and he's for ethnic purity. It was one thing for the Coalition unions to be for Carter as a means of eliminating Wallace; now that they've accomplished that, they should at least hold this fellow to a high enough standard to find out what he's for."

Remarks like these draw a mixed response from Coalition leaders and strategists. One UAW official admits: "In supporting Carter for the limited purpose of beating Wallace and getting delegates, it's possible we have created a kind of Frankenstein monster that we can't stop." Says Jerry Wurf: "Do I have any reservations about Carter? Look at whose pictures are on my wall—Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas. Going from that to Jimmy Carter is going a distance." On the other hand, the Coalition's chief strategist, Mike Miller of the Communications Workers, says flatly, "Our strategy was set a long time ago and we are sticking to it. Anyone who has looked at filing deadlines knows that it's too late to do much switching around now."

Here, roughly, is how the nine-union Coalition stands in upcoming key states: *Pennsylvania* (178 delegates) supporting individual labor delegates on various slates—Jackson, Carter, Udall, Shapp and uncommitted—and obviously not participating in the emerging stop-Carter movement organized by party regulars and the state's AFL-CIO leaders; *Texas* (130) mainly Bentsen but some union delegates are also on Carter slates; *Indiana* (75) backing Carter statewide; *Michigan* (133) no endorsement, but the largest union (UAW) is leaning to Carter; *Ohio* (152) mainly Udall and Carter; *New Jersey* (108) mainly backing uncommitted slates, with some support for Carter; *California* (280) mainly behind the Jerry Brown "native son" candidacy, but some support for Carter, some for Jackson and some for Church. In the two largest remaining convention states: *Missouri* (71) backing an uncommitted, pro-Humphrey strategy designed by party regulars and led by Sen. Thomas Eagleton; *Connecticut* (51) backing Carter unanimously.

Carter was quick to appreciate the tangible benefits of Coalition help, and he has moved to soften opposition from within the unions to his candidacy. When the revised Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill was released, he quickly endorsed it. Before announcing his own national health insurance program, a modification of the Kennedy bill with provisions for participation by the insurance companies, he met privately with Woodcock and Wurf and convinced them that his scheme was unobjectionable. On the ethnic purity flap, Jackson, Udall and even President Ford all made public statements close to the substance of Carter's, thereby taking much of the sting out of what might have been a permanent setback for the former Georgia governor.

Ethnic purity did cause Carter some trouble with his labor supporters—at least for a time. Most are now prepared to accept his denial that it represented a bid for the backers of George Wallace and also his explanation that it was merely a slip. They are also impressed by the speed with which Carter has been able to recoup his black support. Says Wurf: "If it was a fumble, let him recover and see where it goes. I've been mau-maued myself on occasion—not for that, but for things like that."

But people close to Carter have privately admitted to friends that the incident was not spontaneous, that some, if not all, of the offending phrases, "ethnic purity," "black intrusion," "diametrically different

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kinds of families," and "alien groups" were in fact written on paper in advance of delivery—that is, premeditated—and that the remarks were part of a calculated attempt to attract northern Wallace votes based on Carter's success in gaining Wallace voters in the South. Nor was it an accident that racial purity was unveiled in Indiana where Wallace is on the ballot, has run well before and where racial attitudes are not the most progressive in America. What surprised Carter and his advisers was the fury of the backlash, causing them to quickly think better of the matter and apologize.

The Coalition's backing of Carter has had an unanticipated side effect. It has taken the edge off and perhaps eliminated right-to-work as a political issue. Like McGovern in 1972, Udall has been repeatedly castigated for his 1965 vote in Congress against the repeal of the provison of the Taft-Hartley Act that prohibits closed union shops; Carter has said he would not crusade to overthrow the law, leaving Jackson as the only candidate with a perfect record on 14-B. Because the nine Coalition unions have decided not to insist on traditional standards of fealty in this year's quest for delegates, officials have had to justify their abandonment of right-to-work as a litmus test for labor support. Never has a supposedly crucial issue been jettisoned with such dispatch. Campaigning for Carter in Florida, Leonard Woodcock simply shrugged the matter off. Another Coalition union official called it "yesterday's soup," and a Washington-based political director said, "Find me a member who cares."

It is easy to find a candidate who cares. Henry Jackson, close to the most solidly Meany unions like the Seafarers, Building Trades and Steelworkers, comes down squarely and often for repeal of 14-B, criticizing not only Udall and Carter for waffling, but also passing off the Coalition unions as "small minority groups within labor."

The same narrowing of options that has pushed the nine liberal unions in the direction of Jimmy Carter—not by any means their first choice—has apparently also nudged George Meany from his neutral corner. It was Meany's 1975 resolution to keep the AFL-CIO out of the delegate struggles that led to the formation of the Coalition Clearinghouse operation. At this year's annual federation meeting, Meany announced a reinterpretation of his own resolution—the federation itself would remain neutral, but each affiliated union would be free to chart its own course. "It was Meany's signal to go for Jackson," says one Coalition union president privately, "and you can be sure that Meany loyalists are not playing a 'hold-it-for-Humphrey' game."

To be sure, Jackson's fortunes have improved markedly in AFL circles since the Meany announcement. He now enjoys the support of six union presidents who sit on the executive council and his campaigns in Wisconsin and Pennsylvania were virtually turned over to the leadership of Meany's disciple unions.

Some still believe that Jackson will not be the ultimate beneficiary. It is commonly assumed that the one candidate all labor could comfortably unite behind is Humphrey and leaders of the Jackson drive in Pennsylvania openly alluded to stopping Carter on Hubert's behalf. All this has led to the concoction of a Trojan Horse theory, increased speculation that when the early balloting is over, some of the candidates who have slugged it out in the primaries—namely Jackson, Carter and Udall—might have to stand by and watch their delegates evaporate. CWA's Mike Miller acknowledges something like that possibility: "If the convention deadlocks, I would expect that our delegates might check with Glenn Watts (CWA's president), Jerry Wurf and Leonard Woodcock."

A look at who has been slated by both the Coalition and the Meany unions indicates that the Trojan Horse analogy may be apropos. This year's union delegates are not simply rank-and-file members struck by a wave of civic consciousness; they are drawn from leadership positions, actively recruited by the unions to run. They include state and regional directors, business agents, state presidents, regional vice presidents, local officers and staff on union payrolls—people, in short, whose allegiance to the union is primary, and to the candidate, secondary. "Of course we try to slate people who we can influence," says one political director.

But Coalition leaders, some of whom were part of Humphrey's 1972 drive, also have misgivings about a Humphrey nomination this time. They are worried, among other things, about his health, allegations linking him to Howard Hughes money, and the conviction of his 1972 manager for accepting illegal campaign funds. "Ronald Reagan has taught Ford how to use the presidency," says one. "I don't know how Hubert would fare when the White House people get their knives in him."

But Woodcock and Wurf have said publicly that they will not participate in a movement to "stop" any candidate, and each has endorsed the proposition that if anyone comes to Madison Square Garden with 1000 or more delegates, it would be difficult to deny him the nomination. They also say they will be no part in any effort to do so.

That is a remarkable proposition. It still takes 1505 to nominate, and if the notion that winning 1000 delegates seals the nomination had been advanced by Jimmy Carter—the only candidate with the potential to approach that number—it would have been written off as so much campaign puffery. But it is being seriously advanced by Woodcock and Wurf, and it is a posture that indicates both how committed they are to avoiding the open scars left by the stop-McGovern movement four years ago and also their appetite this time around for someone who looks like he can win.

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The Abdication of Europe

by Ronald Steel

It is quite "unacceptable," Henry Kissinger has warned our European allies, to allow Communists into the governing coalitions. This is not because the French or Italian parties would be dominated by Moscow, he explained, but because they would ostensibly threaten the "democratic processes," and, more explicitly, make it difficult for the United States to keep troops on the continent. Whatever the threat to the "democratic processes"—something with which the Secretary of State has not been noticeably concerned in other parts of the world—the prospect of Communist participation would throw into question the very purpose of the Atlantic Alliance, which has always been conceived as an anti-Communist as well as an anti-Soviet organization. With the acquiescence of the Europeans themselves, it has helped keep Western Europe firmly within an American sphere of influence. To change the internal European political balance is to question not only the premises of NATO, but of the entire relationship between America and Europe.

The Atlantic alliance was built on a reality and marketed on an illusion. The reality was that the United States could not let Western Europe fall under Russian dominance, and that the Europeans wanted American protection. The illusion was that the alliance would lead to a true partnership of equals with virtually identical interests. The illusion has dissipated. The reality remains.

Despite striking achievements in economic cooperation and expansion, Western Europe remains a congeries of independent nation-states with different, and often conflicting, foreign policies. There is no single European will, unless it be a will to prosperity. Political union seems more elusive today than it was a decade, or even a generation, ago. Unable to achieve a common currency, a common defense or even a common policy on such crucial matters as energy, Western Europe remains in a state of military and political dependency.

If Europe has not achieved unity, neither has it attained communion with America. Because Europe is neither unified nor strong, the relationship is not one of equals, but of clients and their protector. To speak of "partnership" in such a relationship is to engage in euphemisms. Europe's role in the alliance is to keep its house in order, to be a good customer for American products, and a safe haven for investment dollars.

The decisions over war and peace are made elsewhere. This may be the basis for a convenient political relationship. But the proper word to describe it is not "partnership," nor perhaps even "alliance." As Walter Lippmann wrote in the early days of NATO, "As between a global power and a regional power, a complete two-way alliance is impossible—that is to say, if the regional power is not a dependency or a satellite."

For the United States the Atlantic relationship has been strikingly successful. It has held the line against the expansion of communism beyond Eastern Europe, provided an economic trading bloc that financed American investments abroad, and confirmed for Americans a global sense of mission. That it has simultaneously been able to achieve all of these objectives has greatly enhanced its desirability and, until recently, made it virtually sacrosanct.

There are good reasons for this. First, the alliance seemed an inspired response to a military necessity. To American leaders, and to many Europeans as well, Stalinist Russia appeared bent on dominating the entire continent, whether by conquest or by penetration and subversion. This perception was strengthened by the extinction of democracy in Czechoslovakia and confirmed by the Korean war. By the 1950s it took on global dimensions.

Through a straight line of development a foreign policy consensus was created in America: first the Truman Doctrine, then NATO, and finally global "containment." By its possession of the atomic bomb, by a vast rearmament program launched by Truman and Acheson, and by forging an integrated military alliance with Western Europe, the United States would meet its new "responsibilities" to hold back communism. NATO became the indispensable finger in the dike.

The second virtue of the alliance was that it provided a vast protected market for the products of America's farms and factories. Indeed it was virtually the only market from which America would receive hard currency in exchange for its products. From the late 1940s until the early 1960s the United States exported twice the value of goods to Western Europe as it imported from those nations. Even though the creation

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of the Common Market reduced this surplus, a favorable trade balance continued through the 1960s and helped defray the cost of maintaining American troops in Europe.

Because they were willing to underwrite the American balance of payments deficit by accepting unlimited amounts of dollars minted lavishly by the US Treasury, the Europeans helped finance such costly adventures as the Vietnam war. In the same way they also facilitated, much to their eventual dismay, the takeover by American firms of a good many European industries. This condition of "monetary hegemony" was the price that Europeans were expected to pay for American protection, as Washington made clear in the unilateral dollar devaluation of August 1971.

Third, the alliance, in addition to its military and economic virtues, was flattering to American pride. It confirmed that the mantle of Western leadership had passed from the Old World to the New. The child of Europe and for nearly two centuries its dependent, the United States had become the protector of its parents. This was not only an American perception. The British, particularly, but also the French, urged the United States to assume the imperial responsibilities they found increasingly difficult to manage: Greece, the Middle East, Indochina. After the Truman Doctrine, to be sure, Washington needed little prodding. But even those who questioned the self-assumed global "responsibilities" found a flattering sense of power in the American protectorship of Western Europe.

That all of these conditions have now changed is obvious. Restored to prosperity, if not to full self-reliance, Western Europe feels less threatened by the Russians and less acquiescent under American protectorship. The themes first sounded by De Gaulle have now been picked up as a generalized European litany. There is resentment at the takeover of European industries with inflated American dollars, irritation at pronouncements from Washington over political and economic matters affecting Europe no less than the United States, and mounting anxiety over a superpower entente, that seems to involve the denuclearization and political impotence of Europe.

From an American perspective the changes are no less striking. It is no longer "international communism" that is seen as the enemy, but rather, in Kissinger's Metternichean world view, political instability. Thus there has been a new flexibility, and a new uncertainty, in American foreign policy. Not only has the Sino-Soviet rivalry finally been officially noticed, but it has been the precondition of the triangular balancing act undertaken by Kissinger with the blessing of Nixon and then of Ford. Soviet Russia remains an adversary, but also an accomplice in the effort to maintain a global status quo that is congenial to the interests of both superpowers.

Now that the cold war has been transformed from a life-or-death struggle into an old-fashioned contest for influence in the hinterlands, it is difficult to generate public or congressional enthusiasm for the old line alliances. With security being more narrowly defined than in the past, the cost of maintaining foreign garrisons and a global network of military bases is beginning to seem a dubious luxury. After Vietnam it will be a long time before any President can send American soldiers to fight a protracted land war. Given this revision of military strategies, the cost of maintaining the American garrison in Europe is increasingly hard to justify.

Even more important than cost in the new equation is the change in the relationship between America and Western Europe. Throughout most of the cold war, Europe was an acquiescent political partner of the United States and a profitable commercial one. With only minor misgivings, the allies, except for Gaullist France, accepted the military strategy that was chosen for them and provided a profitable market for American exports.

But when the allies demanded a voice in how and where American nuclear weapons would be used in the defense of Europe, they treaded on ground that directly involved America's own security interests. Deterrence, in Washington's view, depended upon absolute control by the United States over these weapons. To share control with the Europeans could force the United States against its will into a nuclear war with Russia. The Europeans, congenitally fearful that they might be abandoned, wanted the United States to leave the tactical atomic weapons in place as a guarantee of involvement. This is not so much because they fear a Russian attack, or even less because they could conceive surviving a "tactical" nuclear war fought on their own soil, but because of its symbolic value as collateral against a pledge. American strategists, on the other hand, favor a conventional strategy for European defense and now want to withdraw some of the tactical atomic weapons. This has left Europeans in a quandary. They know the weapons mean instant death if ever used, but they don't want to see them removed. They want the Americans to provide atomic protection, but they want control over that protection. They demand an equal voice, but don't marshal equal power, nor are they willing to pay for acquiring it. Thus, the strategy for European defense has changed over the years, but the anxieties remain. They are built into a system resting on an inequality of power and decision-making.

Together with these differences over strategy has come a change in the economic relationship. By the end of the 1960s America's trade surplus with Europe had shrunk by 80 percent. The very success of the European Economic Community—with its booming exports and its demands for controls on the inflated dollar—transformed Europe into a powerful economic competitor. The Marshall Plan worked brilliantly in restoring Europe as a market for American products.

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But the process went too far when it resulted in European attacks on American "monetary hegemony."

In the early 1970s all these factors came together: the détente with Russia, the opening to China, the disenchantment with cold war alliances, European resistance to American nuclear strategy, and the growth of economic competition among the Atlantic allies. The result was a fundamental change in American foreign policy. The United States would emphasize its military security through a policy of nuclear deterrence based on intercontinental strategic weapons, and seek to contain the weapons race by arms-control negotiations with Russia. This new policy sharply reduced the military importance of allies, who were informed that they would be helped in proportion to their willingness to help themselves.

This, of course, was the so-called Nixon Doctrine. While it was originally thought to include only such client states as South Vietnam, Cambodia and South Korea, its logic applies to Europe as well. Its purpose was to assuage domestic opposition to costly interventionist wars through a limited military retrenchment, yet at the same time remaining politically engaged throughout the globe. The United States would retain its dominant world role by maintaining bases and by providing military equipment for client regimes. But it would intervene far more selectively, leaving the fighting of peripheral wars to its allies and clients.

The Nixon-Kissinger "structure of peace" was based on three assumptions: that after Vietnam the American public would no longer support direct military interventions, that China and America had a mutual interest in the containment of Soviet power and influence, and that a *modus vivendi* could be reached with Moscow based on mutual restraint and respect for spheres of influence.

The effect of this new strategy on America's cold war allies is only now beginning to be felt. In Southeast Asia it means the gradual neutralization of the area, as De Gaulle had urged in the early 1960s. In the Middle East it means recognizing that a settlement between Israel and the Arabs can be achieved only with the cooperation of Moscow. The contest for influence between America and Russia has fed the Arab-Israeli quarrel and hardened positions on both sides. Inheriting Britain's classic role, the United States has sought to exclude Russian influence from the Middle East. But this policy long ago became obsolete with Russia's rise to superpower status. However evenhanded the United States may be in its efforts to bring about an Arab-Israeli settlement, it cannot hope to succeed without Soviet acquiescence. Such a settlement will be difficult at best; but it is virtually impossible so long as the superpowers see the Middle East as a staging area for their own competition.

In Europe the new strategy means providing a nuclear cover, but insisting that the major share of the conventional defense of the continent be assumed by the Europeans themselves. An American garrison would remain in Germany, both as a symbol of American involvement and as an element in the conventional defense of Europe. But its primary purpose would not be to serve as a nuclear trip-wire, as it had been explained to many Europeans and as they prefer to believe.American strategy precludes such a role since it seeks, in the event of conflict, to confine the defense of Europe to conventional weapons for as long as possible. The role of the American forces thus becomes both symbolic and political: a symbol of the American nuclear guarantee, a manifestation of the political influence that America exerts over Europe through NATO. Such a role could be satisfied by retaining American forces on the continent at only a fraction of their current level. A reduction of these forces can be delayed, however, so long as this method of assuaging European anxieties does not become unduly costly.

Inherent in the concept of the Russo-American détente is the determination that the dialogue between the superpowers will be conducted directly and not by proxy or through intermediaries. Each, of course, will remain dominant within its own alliance. The United States would no more allow Russian interference in NATO decisions than Moscow would allow Americans to interfere in the Warsaw Pact. The détente nonetheless affects relations within the alliance as much as between the superpowers. The European allies will be informed, and even consulted. But the critical issues will be decided by those with the power to do so. Insofar as the Europeans complicate or impede an agreement, they will be circumvented. This was dramatized by the Soviet-American weapons accord of June 1973 on mutual force reductions, which was worked out between Washington and Moscow without a European voice being heard.

With the replacement of containment by a policy of guarded engagement between the superpowers, it is essential that allies be kept in line and Third World crises defused. In the new Washington-Moscow entente, allies play a distinctly subsidiary role. They can impede or even sabotage détente. But their contribution to America's physical security is greatly reduced. From a military perspective the cold war alliances are becoming a historical anachronism.

This does not mean, to be sure, that they are unimportant. To the contrary, they are militarily useful, for the bases they offer—although the European allies, as the last Middle East crisis revealed, are resistant to allowing them to be used for anything but their own defense. They also serve a political purpose as levers for political influence and the exercise of economic power. On a psychological level they serve as confirmation that a great power has attained the global status to which it aspires. Since security is rarely defined in military terms alone, alliances provide for the

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extension of influence and the creation of an orbit congenial to the perceived interests of the dominant power. So long as America and Russia remain great powers, each will feel compelled to keep the other locked out of its sphere of influence.

While allies have not become irrelevant, the alliances forged during the cold war have lost much of their original *raison d'être*. They were the product of a bipolar world, a stage of military technology, and an Armageddon psychology that no longer exist. As America's key alliance, NATO has been profoundly affected by these developments. Yet its structure remains rooted in an earlier world. That it is in a state of confusion is axiomatic. That it cannot persist in a form consistent with its rhetoric has now become unavoidable.

There are four possible routes the Atlantic alliance could take. First, it could be transformed into a true political community linking America and Western Europe. This is the dream of the old Atlanticists, and it is an inspiring vision. But the price would be higher than either America or Western Europe is now willing to accept. For the United States it means giving Europeans a share in the nuclear deterrent and subjecting America's global military and economic policies to European control. For Europe it means abandoning any hope of reuniting the continent or of protecting Europe's economy from disappearance into an Atlantic trading bloc under American direction. If such an Atlantic union did not occur during the worst days of the cold war, it is highly unlikely today.

Second, the alliance could simply disintegrate. Whether it would be formally dissolved, whether various states would exercise their exit option and leave one by one, or whether it would remain a decorative object housed in a Brussels suburb is not really important. Yet such a disintegration is unlikely for the simple reason that it would leave the Europeans dangerously exposed to Russian power. While they complain about American dominance of the alliance, it is infinitely preferable to being left alone with Russia while still militarily weak. If NATO simply collapsed without a European organization to replace it, the individual members would go scurrying for cover. Most would seek refuge under an American umbrella, a few might even try to bargain an accommodation with Russia. In either case their position would be weak and their dependency intensified. That none of the Europeans want this, and that they have labored over the past three decades to prevent it from happening, is the best argument against it.

Third, NATO could split in two as the divergence of interests intensifies. As Henry Kissinger observed, in reminding the Europeans of their proper place in the alliance: "The United States has global interests and responsibilities. Our European allies have regional interests. This was an accurate, if blunt, assessment of the situation. Should the Europeans choose to act on it, they could decide to reduce their military dependence on the United States. This would require the creation of a strong conventional army subject to a single European command. It would also mean building a credible European nuclear deterrent, based on the French and British forces. Such a nuclear force is clearly within Europe's economic capabilities, but at the moment it remains far beyond Europe's political capacities. Except for a handful of Gaullists on both sides of the Channel and the Rhine, few Europeans care deeply about the ability to stand alone—particularly when the benefits of a benevolent American hegemony are so obvious and so relatively cheap.

Finally, the alliance could settle into an institutionalized American hegemony over Western Europe. This would be the simplest alternative, since it would require no significant changes in the present state of affairs. The Europeans would have to acknowledge that the price of American military protection is economic dependency. This would mean refraining from building a monetary union, for such a union would likely diminish the role of the US dollar and the ability of the United States to dominate economic policy in the West. The Europeans would have to maintain a liberal, rather than a mercantilist, economy and subordinate their own internal needs to those of a trans-Atlantic economy dominated by the United States. On a practical level, the Europeans would be expected to pay the cost of maintaining a garrison of GIs on the continent, although at considerably lower force levels than at present, and to cover, if necessary, the deficit in the US balance of payments by the purchase of military equipment and Treasury notes.

These alternatives may seem stark, but they cannot indefinitely be avoided. If Europeans want to change the balance of forces, they must choose a path of action. The United States does not have to choose, for the current situation is quite favorable to its interests. Europe is dependent upon America for security and prosperity, for protection against the Russians, and for access to Arab oil. America is not dependent on Europe in that sense, even though the two economies are tightly interwoven. There is a reason why Europeans complain, but Americans make declarations. It is all a function of power.

Washington can remain impervious to the complaints of its allies about its economic policy, or its military strategy, or its private deals with Moscow, because it knows that there is little the Europeans can do about it. Whenever the complaints become unduly shrill, the Europeans are reminded that the piper calls the tune. Nixon made the links quite clear in the spring of 1974 when he warned the Europeans that they could not have "cooperation on the security front and then proceed to have confrontation and even hostility on the economic and political front."

However heavy-handed such a statement may be, it

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is an accurate assessment of the balance of forces within the alliance. The choice is clear for the Europeans. Either they forge a political union capable of providing for their own defense, or they come to terms with the fact that America's economic and political hegemony is the unavoidable price of military protection. They cannot have it both ways.

Even sympathetic Americans find it tiresome when Europeans complain about Washington's domination of the alliance, but shrink from undertaking the steps that would be necessary to end it. Choices are made by default as much as by design. So far the Europeans have chosen abdication and grumbling rather than initiative and resistance.

The United States, to be sure, is not making the road to independence easy for its allies. Washington periodically declares its support for a self-reliant European Community. But what it means by that is a Europe that will pay for its own defense yet continue to allow the key decisions to be made across the Atlantic. Whenever the Europeans have tried to act independently, as in the oil crisis of 1974, American officials reacted indignantly and even issued guarded threats. As it turned out, the EEC cracked under the Arab oil boycott, as each nation tried to save its own skin. It was a performance that showed not only how divided the Europeans were, but that the real decisions over their energy sources lay outside their control.

Although Washington claims to favor a politically unified Western Europe, the rhetoric need deceive no one. By its own actions the United States has consistently sought to impede the creation of any European entity that would not be fully integrated into an American-directed Atlantic system. "We cannot be indifferent to the tendency to justify European identity as facilitating separateness from the United States," Henry Kissinger scoldingly declared in 1973. The Secretary of State presumably assumed that his listeners would not remember his pleas, before he entered the US government, for a greater American understanding of European sensibilities. "A separate identity has been established by opposition to a dominant power," he had written only a few years before. "A united Europe is likely to insist on a specially European view of world affairs—which is another way of saying that it will challenge American hegemony in Atlantic policy."

What was true then is true now. But the pleasures of hegemony are such that the view is rather different from the top. American policy-makers are not necessarily insincere when they call for a strong Europe. It is just that they suffer from mixed motives. This is the built-in apradox of Atlanticism. The United States is verbally committed to the creation of an independent Europe that can be built only in opposition to American hegemony. This independence Washington has sought to block whenever it has become manifest.

There is, to be sure, a good case for "devolution," the gradual turning over to Europeans of military decisions hitherto held exclusively in American hands. This could provide a much-needed spur to European unification, and relieve the United States of responsibilities that the Europeans are perfectly capable of bearing. But it would also reduce American influence over Europe. To a greater degree than we have been generally willing to admit, our definition of security has been based on our ability to influence and to serve as an example to others. Without these psychological factors much of American postwar foreign policy makes little sense. Viewed narrowly, neither economic influence nor military security dictated either of the two major wars of intervention: Korea and Vietnam. It was only in the wider perspective of maintaining the perimeters of an American sphere of influence, and of behaving as a superpower is presumably expected to behave (as Kissinger later explained of Angola), that these were justified by their advocates.

Thus, to concentrate on the security aspect alone—or at least to define security exclusively in military terms—is to miss what much of NATO is about. For this reason American policy-makers find good reasons to maintain the alliance indefinitely in its present form. Even though NATO may be militarily outmoded or even superfluous, it is extremely useful for the exercise of American influence over Europe. In addition, the troop contingent keeps the American army brass happy, provides jobs for untrained youth in a time of high unemployment, and flatters the nation's self-image as the guardian of Mother Europe.

Paradoxically, considering the present balance of forces within the alliance, it can be said that while the plight of NATO seems to be hopeless, it is not particularly serious so far as the United States is concerned. Washington currently has all the options, since Europe is too weak and too divided to make a clear stand.

In the absence of any real European initiative, which seems unlikely anytime soon, there are three possible courses of action open to the United States. First, it can continue present policies. Most of the GIs would remain in Europe and a good part of their cost would continue to be covered by offset arrangements. The Europeans would complain about changes in American strategy over which they have no control, or about nuclear and political arrangements reached between Washington and Moscow. But they also insist that they want troops as a symbol of America's willingness to become involved in nuclear war on their behalf. The price of these hostages is a hegemony they find distasteful, but apparently not yet intolerable.

Second, the United States could dramatically reverse field, seize the standard of NATO's most acerbic European critics, and actively encourage the creation of a politically unified Western Europe with its own

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nuclear deterrent. This would, presumably, reduce complaints of US dominance and eventually eliminate the conditions that Europeans have so resented and Americans have found so profitable. In the long run, such a course may be unavoidable. It is far from certain, however, that a nuclear-armed Western Europe with a territorial grievance against the Russians would be a source of stability in the world. Nor is it clear that the virtues of equality would exceed for the United States the pleasures of hegemony over Europe. Why relinquish unnecessarily a position that provides such benefits? An abdication of such proportions is usually imposed by circumstances; rarely is it offered gratuitously. In any case, the situation has not reached a state of crisis grave enough to make such an American offer necessary.

Third, Washington could downgrade the alliance without ending it. This would mean pulling out its forces, rather as was done in France and Greece, while still maintaining a political commitment. The purpose of this would be to reduce the danger of America's being drawn into a European war against its will. Some have seen this as the ulterior meaning of the 1973 Russo-American treaty on nuclear weapons and believe that accord implies the denuclearization of Europe. There are some 7000 tactical nuclear weapons in Europe. Many of them are only nominally controlled by the United States and pose a considerable political danger.

Were they deprived of American hostages and the tactical nuclear weapons, Europeans might well fear that the American guarantee would not be fully honored in time of crises—or that Washington would prefer to confine any future war to European soil. But since the United States has compelling reasons to prevent Western Europe from falling into Russian hands, any rational Soviet diplomacy would have to assume that the guarantee might well be invoked in the event of attack.

Nonetheless, it is possible that a formally denuclearized Europe would feel cast adrift and might try to establish some form of *modus vivendi* with the Russians. For many this evokes fears of "Finlandization," that is, independence subject to Soviet scrutiny and goodwill. Naturally most Europeans find this unacceptable. For this reason alone they might be driven to build their own nuclear force, thus spurring the political integration that has so far been blocked by their dependence on the United States.

A nuclear or self-reliant Europe would, to some degree, mean a more neutralist Europe. This need pose no threat to American security. But the economic and political hegemony that Washington has exercised over the continent would be greatly reduced. Many Americans, particularly those who associate the nation's well-being with the national security apparatus, would find it hard to adjust to this situation. It would mean the loss not only of material advantages, but of psychological satisfaction. Having found a flattering identity in the role of Europe's spokesman and protector, many would resent the "loss" of our richest dependency. This may be the most important factor of all. It is the fear of losing influence, of playing a diminished role in the world stage that lies at the heart of America's imperial diplomacy.

In the long run this loss of influence is unavoidable—at least the kind of influence that has been exerted during the cold war. It is a product of détente with Russia and the accommodation with China. It has been powerfully affected by events over which the United States has no effective control: the recovery of Europe, nuclear proliferation, the oil crisis, the disintegration of the world monetary system, world-wide inflation and depression, and the inability to prevent the Soviet Union from playing a political role in areas traditionally considered to be under Western influence—such as the Middle East and Angola.

For America the path is clear, though not always straight. It will pursue détente with its adversaries—despite pitfalls, detours and setbacks—because it is clearly to its advantage to do so. Toward allies it will continue to exert hegemony—which it will define as "cooperation" and "interdependence"—until it is forced to abandon this by drastically changed circumstances.

Those circumstances could take one of two forms: first, from a European withdrawal into neutralism and an accommodation with Moscow; second, from the creation by Europeans of a political union that would permit them economic and military dependence. In either case the United States would find that it had lost its role as Europe's protector, along with the economic and political advantages that have gone along with that role. Should Europe choose independence and power, rather than subservience and accommodation, this would also dramatically transform the world balance of power—as would Japan's decision to acquire nuclear weapons.

In any case, the writing is on the wall, although there is a good deal of time in which to indulge in hegemonic privileges. Interdependence may be an illusion, and alliances may be of declining military importance for the United States. But the prerogatives of hegemony are real. They are institutionalized in the structure of the Atlantic alliance. They are likely to persist so long as the Europeans continue to fear in equal measure the Soviet Union and an independent power role for themselves.

All in all, too much has been made of NATO. It is neither a prison nor a partnership. It is only a symbol of Europe's will to abdicate. This abdication is what De Gaulle threatened a dozen years ago, and why he was so ritualistically denounced by Washington. It is again being raised by the prospect of a "historic compromise" in Italy and perhaps elsewhere—which is what Kissinger finds so "unacceptable."

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Stay Hungry

(United Artists)

The advantage for directors in the old studio production-line days was that they just had to direct. There were exceptions, but by and large—as some of the best of them have testified—they finished a picture on Tuesday and were handed another to start on Wednesday morning, in the years when Hollywood was turning out 10 features a week. Nowadays a director—again speaking by and large—has to be able to do more than direct: he has to be able to find material, optimally to originate it, to approximate the complete artist in any other field.

It's hard on Americans, even those directors much too young to have been involved in the old Hollywood, because they are trying to forge a genuine tradition of the personal film—not merely the studio product on which, if they were lucky, they could have put a stylistic imprint. They are now trying to operate in the way that at least some European directors have always operated, and they are trying to do it at a time when extrinsic factors intensify the difficulties. In a sense the situation for these directors is a small analogy of the very history of film. That history began at the turn of the century when esthetic and social values were beginning to change drastically, in the middle of which turbulence film had to try to find out what it is and is still trying. In the last 75 years those values have done nothing *but* change, continuously, and within that global film situation the cultural-economic-social position of American film has altered radically in recent years. It's a small turmoil within a larger one.

Many of the younger American directors show the wear and tear of their new, relative freedom—for instance, Bob Rafelson. In 1970 he made *Five Easy Pieces*, a spotty but unique film with a voice and being that would have been virtually impossible in the old studio days and that promised well for Rafelson, for the idea of independence. Then, two years later, in *The King of Marvin Gardens* he showed mostly the sheer itch to be unorthodox and to reflect the European directors whom he liked. He collaborated on both those scripts. Now he has collaborated on *Stay Hungry*, with Charles Gaines who wrote the novel on which it's based. Again the script shows the impulse to use the film form personally; again it shows insufficient person—more of an impulse to statement than of wherewithal to state.

Not that the execution of this script is so sterling, either. At a guess there are more visual clichés in the picture than purely verbal ones. A quarrel between the hero and a stereotype dullard on the edge of a swimming pool—how refreshing it would have been if the quarrel had *not* ended with a push into the pool. A climactic chase through the streets by a bunch of weight-lifters—how sharp it might have been if Rafelson had stayed with the reason for the chase instead of detouring into corny cuteness. Still, stock moments like these and the Big Fight at the end seem also to be the result of Rafelson's "personal" discomfort, the strain to be a complete filmmaker. If he were not trying to carry so much, to prove so much, Rafelson—who has real ability—might be directing better. (I'm not praying for a return to 1935, only trying to measure things.)

At least he discarded the imitation Fellini etc. that spotted *Pieces* and disfigured *Marvin Gardens*. Except for some grotesquerie with three Mafia-type businessmen, he is mostly just trying to tell his story. So, once more, the burden is on what he chose to tell.

Rafelson is again concerned, as he has been, with the drastically different strata in the mythically homogeneous US. This time his setting is the urban Deep South—Birmingham—and his hero is the scion of a rich upper-class family suddenly orphaned, left purposeless in a great estate on a hill outside the city. The general movement of the picture is how he finally gets revved up about something, gets "hungry." He's healthy, humorous, energetic and, until the end, adrift. For no credible reason he joins at the start with hoods in a real-estate venture. He is to buy (as a front for them) an old building needed as part of a site for a high-rise. The old building contains a gym, a hammy old gymnast-owner, a gigantic Austrian weight-lifter training to be Mr. Universe, and a girl attendant. Because of attachments that form—friendship with the Austrian, an affair with the girl—the hero delays in his dealings; so the rough types tighten the nutcracker on him.

The ending is not much more credible than the beginning. (Why don't the rough boys have him killed? At least, have his legs broken?) But the point is made: the hero has got "hungry" about something, a modest but encompassable job with that girl. Rafelson seems to be saying that the scale of purpose has to be reduced in modern life the way those big estates are being cut up for modern-size habitations.

Even this thematic strand serves principally as a medium for display along the way of eccentric characters and bits of Americana. Some of the Americana is trite: country-club snobs and their friction with "real" people. (Are there no rich people who are "real"? No working people who are phonies?) Some of it is trite but interesting: the "stick fiddling" (unorthodox violin playing) of country people. The eccentrics are noodled up a bit consciously, but some of them are amusing: the horny middle-aged gym owner (R.G. Armstrong); the woman karate teacher (Helen Kallianotes, who was the ecology nut in *Pieces*). Rafelson dares to use a faithful old black retainer (Scatman Crothers) in the hero's mansion, playing it all straight, as if insisting that there still are such old black people full of grateful servility and that his daring is in presenting one of them today exactly as is. Even the heroine (Sally Field) is a "character": a pug-nosed, scrappy, little scrawny kid with much more spirit than beauty. (And the

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. We bring a lot of the excitement *with* us, but the film does about as well as it could with this hard-to-film subject. Well acted.

Face to Face. Ingmar Bergman, Liv Ullmann and friends explore the "normality" of the normal. Not best Bergman but often fine.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in a questionable mental-hospital allegory.

Seven Beauties. Lina Wertmüller's tragic farce of a Neapolitan in WW II. Sometimes trite or blatant, yet a daring, beautiful concept.

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dialogue has some nice authentic flavor: "Don't go flying off at the handle." "I hate to get out of the car, I'm having so good of a time.")

The chief casting sag is the leading man, Jeff Bridges, who is breezy and likable enough but simply can't convey the latter-day Fitzgerald, American-emptiness dilemma that Rafelson was after. Arnold Schwarzenegger, the titanic Austrian Mr. Universe, is charming: his face is homely, still his gentleness and composure make him far more appealing than Bridges.

The picture isn't just unsatisfying, it's a mess—but it's a reasonably important symptomatic mess. If some studio chief had handed Rafelson a machine-made script à la 1935 on this subject and ordered him to make it, he might have turned out one of those smooth Warner Brothers racing or boxing pictures that had a few wrinkles painted on. If he had the vision of a Bellocchio, he might have turned out an eccentric film about eccentrics. If he had had a producer such as the late Ralph Gleason apparently was on *Payday*, authentic and authenticating, this might have been a tight little genre piece (in the painter's sense). As is, it only demonstrates that Rafelson is out there alone (though he had a co-producer, it doesn't show), and he's not really making it.

Note on Bergman. In my review of *Face to Face* two weeks ago I specified that, unlike *Scenes from a Marriage*, it was not a condensation from a TV series. *Variety*, April 7, said exactly the opposite, even though there was no slightest indication of TV origin in either Paramount's voluminous publicity handout or the Pantheon book of the screenplay. A call to Paramount brought the reply that Bergman had shot two versions simultaneously, this one and a longer version for TV. What we are seeing on the screen, says Paramount, was never meant as anything but film.

Presumably, then, Bergman is pioneering in the simultaneous-shooting method that I speculated about last year (*TNR*, Aug. 30).

The Dutiful Shows

There are Sundays when I feel dutiful and watch the dutiful shows. Good for my conscience, bad for my temper. On one Sunday recently I watched three in a row. Two were disasters, and I was ready to kick both our dogs when—in the middle of the third, which was *not* a disaster—I was struck all of a heap with why the first two were as bad as they were. And thereby hangs this tale.

The first bad one was on NBC. The time was late afternoon and NBC was letting the National Council of Churches be dutiful about freedom. *Strangers in the Homeland* was the name of the production and it had a Bicentennial odor to it, being a sequence of historical skits beginning with the American Revolution (a peaceful loyalist was beaten up in the first skit, and asked to leave town) and ending with the Vietnam war (a pacifist-deserter was thwacked). In each episode a pulpit figured largely, but the civil characters in the skits had an evil way of not listening to pulpits, and so did I. The acting was superior, the production was professional (and probably most expensive) but the message was dutifully in charge.

The second bad one was on public broadcasting, a local Maryland show (called *Women and the Law*) coming out of Annapolis and intended to enlighten me about Maryland's handling of juvenile delinquents. Several talking heads did indeed enlighten me at intervals, and what they said was straightforward and sensible; but their words were so heavily reinforced—or I would prefer to say destroyed—by, again, skits that I kept forgetting what they told me. And the skits on this show were *not* professional. They were something out of junior high school theatrics, making me grateful for the heavy snow on the

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weak UHF channel.

The third show was also public broadcasting but for this one I regretted the Annapolis snow (the main public broadcasting station for Washington doesn't come in at my house though I live in the middle of Washington). It was called *Zulu Romeo: Good Start* and the occasion for it was a big glider competition in Australia. The gliders were pretty, the pilots and crewmen were pleasant exotics who understated things, and the show's pace was, like the gliders themselves, slow and relaxed. But what was most remarkable about it, I noticed after 20 minutes, was that it had *no skits*. When I discovered the lovely omission I no longer wanted to beat the dogs. The glider show was OK, I realized, because it was a good documentary and because it was a documentary *all the way*.

What causes a show to be plagued, or bugged, by skits? Not being an insider I can only guess at the original circumstances, but the guessing is depressing. I see in my mind's eye (in a sort of skit) the intelligences who sponsor and *control the making of a dutiful show* sitting around a conference table planning the show, and I hear one of them saying to the others, "Well, now, this message of ours is a good message and we must get it to the poor unenlightened masses as quickly and as forcefully as we can, but since the masses *are* unenlightened—and stupid too—and in their stupidity happen to like little plays, let us give them what they want, let us fascinate them with little plays and give them our message at the same time." "Bravo!" shout the other intelligences.

Now the difference between the little plays that dutiful intelligences will, in the fulfillment of their duties, commission, and the literary events *normally* known as plays is of course basic, total and not to be evaded by slick productions or good acting—or even, if there were any, good messages. Any play that is conceived at the outset as merely illustrative of a message, any piece that is dreamed up after conference-table folk have decreed it and its purpose, *that* piece is sure to make your average man want to kick dogs. Such a piece is *not* the same sort of thing as what is sometimes called ideological drama. It is not, that is, like the work of G.B. Shaw or H.G. Wells or their successors, though there are *connections*. *Shaw and Wells* were among the early moderns to be unhappy about the artiness and subjectivity of 20th century literature, and both of them had messages, and both of them *went around bragging that they wanted* to be thought of as journalists, not artists. Wells went so far as to get into a long argument with Henry James on the point, summarizing their differences with this useful oversimplification: "To you literature like painting is an end, to me literature like architecture is a means." But neither Wells nor Shaw would have carried their use theory of literature to the point now visible on the tube Sunday afternoons. They were, despite their protestations, serious working artists, and knew that one couldn't, at least successfully, spread art on a message like butter.

Chiefly they knew the difficulties of art because they made their own. What has happened since their day is that the proponents of art's uses are now the ones who sit at the conference tables and eventually commission such art. They don't have to dabble in it themselves, don't have to muss with a script, don't have to be able to feel how corrupt it is to take a character from one bag, an idea from another, and put a balloon above the character's head that emanates from the character's mouth but contains the idea. Anyone who has to write a script from the keel up knows how corrupt that is, knows of the corruption because he has to worry about what people who are supposed to approximate real people are apt to say. Yet the un-script-writing thinkers behind the current skits don't have to worry about that. They can hire others to worry.

So the skits are corrupt. Worse, they are dreadful. The mix in them of character and idea is so stupid that not even a kicked dog would suspend his disbelief for it. Only the intelligences at the conference tables suspend their disbelief. They have paid enough, they feel they ought to.

Yes, my friends, we have, since the age of Wells and Shaw, entered upon the age of specialization. The social sciences do their thing, the churches do theirs, and the ensuing scene is, as we all know, one that beats the Holy Roman Empire hollow for chaos. Each specialty has its castle, its troops, its larder and its holy (or unholy) mission; and none needs to pay attention to any other. Unfortunately the different literary genres have also become, largely, specialties. They are in as much trouble as the rest, which is perhaps why the other specialties have no scruples about borrowing the literary specialists' tricks.

Oddly, specialization seems to be more deeply built into the dutiful, nominally uncommercial side of TV than the business side (which may be why the commercial dramas, despite their gore and inaneness, are more convincing as drama than the public television stuff). If cable TV should ever blossom, the specialization-vice would presumably blossom with it. Each new channel would be a determinedly dutiful lobbying force for a specialty.

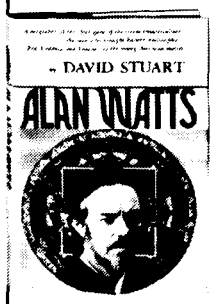
And each new channel would therefore be *devoted* to skits!—a good reason to allow no more channels ever.

What to do? Well, some day I may turn this column over to a utopian for one issue, to get a few major issues solved in a major, positive way. But until that bright moment I can only recommend that the dutiful ones be not annoyed at me for failing to praise their high-mindedness. Let them consider instead my simple negative solution, that they dutifully stick to straightforward professional documentaries *containing no skits*. End of message.

Coming

Neil Harris on Lobbies

Alan Watts
David Stuart



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Books Considered

Faulkner: Essays by Warren Beck

(University of Wisconsin Press; $12.50)

Credit should go to Warren Beck for being quick to perceive what was great in Faulkner. He began writing about the novels in 1940, at a time when they had few defenders in the academic community; the only other of consequence was Joseph Warren Beach of Minnesota. Beck, who had been teaching at Appleton College of Wisconsin since 1926, was not entirely academic; he wrote plays, some of which had been produced, and published collections of his own stories. Those extracurricular activities help to explain why he read Faulkner with an open mind and soon began raging, if in scholarly terms, against the hostile judgments of his colleagues.

It is a question why college departments of English held Faulkner's work in such contempt before he won the Nobel Prize. Of course they were, at the time, generally hostile to contemporary writing, but academic comments on the Yoknapatawpha novels were if possible more scathing than those on *Manhattan Transfer* ("an explosion in a sewer") or *The Waste Land* ("a hoax") or *A Farewell to Arms*. One professor dismissed Faulkner as the *reductio ad absurdum* of American naturalism. Another—so Beck tells us—said that "to read these books is to cross a desert of terrifying nihilism." Still another described *Light in August* as pure sensationalism, "murder and rape turning on the spit of arson."

In such comments one hears echoes of the New Humanism, a body of doctrine then widely influential in English departments. As critics the New Humanists were ethical and normative; they preached such ruling-class virtues as decorum and self-control (or the Inner Check). They believed that literature should illustrate the higher reaches of human conduct, not merely its animal side, and they were quick to denounce modern authors for yielding to such gross heresies as naturalism broadly defined, ethical nihilism, and pure sensationalism. Faulkner seemed to embody everything they condemned.

Meanwhile his work was under attack from other directions, and notably from that of critics on the political left. These too were ethical and normative, but the norms they prescribed were those of the workers, not of the ruling class. Faulkner, they said, was a decayed aristocrat who despised the Negroes and derided the white tenant farmers. Also he was politically confused and—in Alfred Kazin's phrase of 1942, later revised—"he had no primary and design-like conception of the South." Maxwell Geismar found evidence in his work of the Fascist subconscious. Indeed, it would be amusing to compile a dictionary of abuse from early estimates of Faulkner's novels, whether conservative or radical; and the dictionary should not omit the comments of those common-sense, fists-on-the-table reviewers who made fun of his narrational methods and his overblown style. Thus, Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker:*

> *One may sum up both substance and style by saying that every person in* Absalom, Absalom! *comes to no good end, and they all take a hell of a time coming even that far. . . . Then we have what may be called Anti-Narrative, a set of complex devices used to keep the story from being told. Mr. Faulkner is very clever at this.*

Of course there were also favorable essays and reviews, most of them written by poets or fellow novelists, but one might say that Faulkner's reputation in 1940 was like a fortress with its walls battered down. Warren Beck tried to raise the siege. In three essays, all published in the spring of 1941, he produced arguments to repel the various bands of attackers. A first essay answered the New Humanists by demonstrating—I think for the first time—that Faulkner's work has a consistently ethical point of view. A second answered the Marxian critics and their allies by pointing out that the novels have a firm base in Southern history and reveal patterns in the Southern social order. A third answered the fists-on-the-table critics like Fadiman by discussing Faulkner's style and the effectiveness of his narrative techniques. The essays, all published in scholarly journals, attracted less attention than they deserved, but they had said what badly needed to be said. Reprinted at the beginning of the present volume, they

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retain their original force and soundness.

I wish the same praise could be offered to the rest of this 664-page volume. It contains everything that Beck has written about Faulkner except for what appeared in an earlier book, *Man in Motion: Faulkner's Trilogy* (1961). There Beck had propounded a judgment to which few other critics would assent, namely, that the Snopes trilogy "as now discovered whole is in its way the very crown of Faulkner's creativity." Most of us feel that the last two volumes, *The Town* and *The Mansion*, are talky, opinionated, and—except for the Mink Snopes episode at the end—vastly inferior to *The Hamlet*. Beck, however, has passed from defense to outright idolatry of Faulkner as "one of nature's rarest constructs," almost a king by divine right. The king can do no wrong and so, in the present volume, even Faulkner's downright errors in taste or technique are praised as elements that lend further variety to the "opalescent kaleidoscope" of his work as a whole.

In addition to the three early essays, the volume contains nine new ones, some of which are almost books in themselves. The longest, which analyzes *Go Down, Moses* in 90,000 words, is about the length of the novel it analyzes. There are good things in it, as there are in other essays. Beck is eloquent about the moral significance of various characters, notably Uncle Ike McCaslin. He is skillful in identifying the subjective and objective elements in various narratives and in showing how Faulkner combines the two angles of approach. He is less good on other topics, for example Faulkner's sober-faced humor, which he sometimes mistakes for anger or pity. Thus, he says of the uproarious scene at Red's funeral (in *Sanctuary*), "The inordinate grown ludicrous descends so far into the unseemly as to become deplorable." His great fault, however, is to be inordinately wordy, abstract and repetitious. The book would have profited by having a hard-nosed editor. If it had been slashed and squeezed to half its present length, it would have been twice as effective.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcolm Cowley's most recent book is *A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation* (Viking).

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A River Runs Through It And Other Stories by Norman Maclean

(University of Chicago Press; $7.95)

Western writers, that far-ranging group who write about and often are from the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains and the Southwest, like to think of themselves as an ill-used lot. In particular, their resentment flashes out at Eastern audiences and critics who fail to understand the true magnitude of their achievements and to grant them their appropriate place in the hierarchy of American literature. In his darker moments a dedicated Western bard will mutter savagely about an unholy conspiracy of New York intellectuals who band together to head each new Western novel off at the pass in a deadly ambush which keeps it from reaching its potential public.

With so many real conspiracies all around us, it is difficult to become too concerned about the putative literary machinations of the Eastern critical establishment. Yet it is hard not to be sympathetic to the situation of the serious Western writer who seeks to break out of the limited formula of the popular Western adventure story which still flourishes in a minor way through the medium of cheap paperback novels. Such a writer has to come to terms with the fact that the most successful Western writer of all time was Zane Grey and that the best-selling Western writer of our own day is Louis L'Amour, who, though a descendant of the great French writer Chateaubriand, is more directly an offspring of the Grey school of heroic adventure and romance. He must also carry the burden of the image of the mythical West so firmly implanted in the mind of both Western and Eastern audiences by generations of films and television series with their symbolic casts of pioneers and Indians, townsfolk and outlaws, schoolmarms and gunfighters. And, as if this were not enough, he must grapple with all the inflated, epic tendencies which seem to lie in wait in the purple grandeur of the Western landscape and in the large historical drama of the frontier. The more serious a Western novelist becomes, the more he seems driven to expand not only the magnitude of his protagonists, but also the scope and length of his stories. Serious Western fiction has a tradition of expressing itself not in short well-wrought novellas, but in meganovels: in trilogies, tetralogies and vast series.

Both the pulp Western with its heroics and the serious Western novel in its attempt at an epic statement of the confrontation between man and nature or between White and Indian are expressions of the myth of the West as otherness, as the expression of something unique to human experience and history which must be treated in an appropriately grand and distinctive fashion. The importance of this myth to American culture has been often indicated by scholars, most recently in Richard Slotkin's superb *Regeneration Through Violence*. Yet, there is also an important truth in discovering the universal constants of human experience which lie beneath that distinctive landscape of mythical action. This is the discovery that flashes through many of the most memorable writings about the West—it is there in Twain's *Roughing It*, in Stephen Crane's two great Western stories, "The Blue Hotel," and "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," in Andy Adams' *Log of a Cowboy*, in the best parts of Wister's *The Virginian*, in the stories of H.L. Davis, in Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *The Ox-Bow Incident*, in Thomas Berger's *Little Big Man* and, most recently, in Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It and Other Stories*.

Maclean's stories are semi-autobiographical and told in the form of

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reminiscences: an older man looks back on some central experiences of his youth: how he learned to fish and how fishing was entangled in his relations with his father and younger brother ("A River Runs Through It"); how he worked with a superhuman logger who turned out to be a pimp during the winter season ("Logging and Pimping and 'Your Pal, Jim'"); and how he became part of a Forest Service crew's summer-end ritual of "cleaning out the town" and learned something about life and art in the process ("USFS 1919: The Ranger, The Cook and a Hole in the Sky"). But the stories are conceived as fictions. Instead of being primarily attempts to remember and state the exact particulars of a past time and place, they use the particular to express, through the devices of art, some general truths about human nature and life. They are like memories which have been revolved in the mind throughout a lifetime until their hidden truths have been brought to the surface and revealed. Thus there is a wonderful interplay between the consciousness of the old man telling us the stories and the perspective of the boy of over half a century ago. We see not only what the boy thought or failed to think, but how he began to understand his life and something of what that boy, as a man in his 70s, has made of it since:

I was young and I thought I was tough and I knew it was beautiful and I was a little bit crazy but I hadn't noticed it yet.

So begins "USFS 1919," which becomes a wide-open Western anecdote about a comic-heroic trek across the Bitteroot Mountains, an encounter with a whore who cursed in iambic pentameter, and a climactic fight in a saloon over a crooked card game. The story even contains a Western-style hero, one Ranger Bill, who rides off into the sunset, as it were, at the end. Yet these Western elements are not deployed for the sake of creating an epic mythos or telling of high adventure but to explore what Maclean sees as one of the most profound human discoveries:

I had as yet no notion that life every now and then becomes literature—not for long, of course, but long enough to be what we best remember, and often enough so that what we eventually come to mean by life are those moments when life, instead of going sideways, backwards, forward, or nowhere at all, lines out straight, tense and inevitable, with a complication, climax, and, given some luck, a purgation, as if life had been made and not happened.

These stories have that magical balance of the particular and the universal that good literature is all about and that so many attempts at Western fiction miss completely. Indeed, it would be more just to say that these are not Western fictions at all, but stories about life as it happened and was created by one man who lived through his formative years in western Montana and who has the gift of words and the shaping imagination to make it possible for us to share some of that experience. Maclean gives us the West in full measure. His stories are permeated with the monumental landscape of the "Big Sky Country" observed with a keen documentary eye as well as a sense of the awesome beauty of mountains and rivers. He writes brilliantly about work and sport. His pages describing logging, packing, mule-skinning, trail-cutting and fishing are full of precise images which convey as rich a sense of the spiritual form of these activities together that bear comparison with such classics as Adams' *Log of a Cowboy*. Humor of the tall-tale variety abounds, side by side with an extravagant comedy of manners detailing the peculiar social rituals of loggers, fishermen and other Western types. Yet underneath the richness of particular details, there runs a wise and compassionate understanding of life and art forged through a lifetime of experience and learning and embodied in a prose that is richly colloquial yet highly controlled and which sometimes rises to extraordinary eloquence. Perhaps nothing conveys the rich and deep sense of human life which runs through this book than the beautiful words which conclude the title story:

Now nearly all those I loved and did not understand when I was young are dead, but I still reach out to them.

Of course, now I am too old to be much of a fisherman, and now of course, I usually fish the big waters alone, although some friends think I shouldn't. Like many fly fishermen in western Montana where the summer days are almost Arctic in length, I often do not start fishing until the cool of the evening. Then in the Arctic half-light of the canyon, all existence fades to a being with my soul and memories and the sounds of the Big Blackfoot River and a four-count rhythm and the hope that a fish will rise.

Eventually, all things merge into one,

Robert Brustein

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and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of the rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs.

I am haunted by waters.

John Cawelti

John Cawelti is professor of English at the University of Chicago and author of *The Six Gun Mystique* (Bowling Green Univ.).

The Worm Of Consciousness and Other Essays by Nicola Chiaromonte

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

Nicola Chiaromonte never had a large following in America. As a young man he had been an exile from Mussolini's Italy and then had fought for the Spanish Republic: he appears in Malraux's novel *Man's Hope* as a character who always reads Plato. During the mid-'40s he lived in New York and touched the circle of intellectuals who wrote for Dwight Macdonald's *Politics*. These people were then trying to maintain a radical outlook while abandoning Marxism, and Chiaromonte, who by now had experienced some of the traumas of the European left, gave their effort a certain philosophical dimension. Back in Europe during the '50s, he devoted himself to political journalism and dramatic criticism, while occasionally sending pieces to *Partisan Review* and *Dissent* in New York. Chiaromonte never entered the mainstreams of Italian political or intellectual life; in a country captivated by the legend of Gramsci and the party of Togliatti he was fated to isolation.

Part of his trouble, though also his glory, was that he could not be labeled. He was neither Marxist nor cold-war anti-Communist, neither existentialist nor New Leftist. Gangs and crowds, fashions and schools, all repelled him. In her preface to this posthumous collection of Chiaromonte's writings, Mary McCarthy rightly says:

His ideas did not fit into an established category: he was neither on the left nor on the right. Nor did it follow that he was in the middle; he was alone. Though his thought remained faithful, in its way, to philosophical anarchism, he had long lost the belief in political "effectiveness." What he saw and felt in the Spanish Civil War had cured him, personally, of any hope of the application of force to the realm of ethics and ideals, yet this was a private, particular judgment; he was tolerant of embattled friends.

One of those friends was myself. When he would send a piece to *Dissent* once every three or four years, I knew it was not out of agreement with the politics of democratic socialism, but rather out of feelings of moral fraternity. For even if we Socialists still believed in the "old-fashioned" value of political action, we were at least committed, like Chiaramonte himself, to a defense of political liberty.

Chiaramonte might often be wrong, but he was never deluded. He had yielded himself to the task of reflection—he was stubborn, amusing, private, troubled by the "massification" of modern society yet alert to every sign of human assertion. His writing was plain, honest, without display or bravura. He was impervious to those fevers of 20th century politics which have made so many intellectuals discover that there is always something they value just a little more than freedom.

The present collection does justice to every side of his work except literary criticism; for that, readers will have to order his book, *The Paradox of History*, from its English publisher since thus far no American firm has had the sense to bring it out here. *The Worm of Consciousness* contains essays about crucial moments in recent European experience—a piquant conversation with an Italian Jesuit that raises the question of what place the heretic can find in Italy by the side of its numerous fanatics and cynics; a fine evocation of those Italians who fought in Spain for the Republic ("they alone had the courage, between one battle and the next, to take a woman and have children"); a somberly affectionate portrait of Paris in 1951.

The political essays constitute a lucid effort to identify those corruptions of thought and feeling that have enabled totalitarianism to flourish in our time. A slight touch of old-fashioned Italian republicanism, but without its rhetorical excesses, seems to lie behind these essays, a 19th century sensibility brought into pained relation with 20th century problems. Here are a few passages:

On the Young

We are told to understand and not discourage the muddled enthusiasm of the young . . . And so we should, on condition that we reject absolutely the idea that the young must be right simply because they are young. It was on this principle that fascism advanced, and something equally evil might grow out of it today . . .

On Intellectuals

In Italy the most irresponsible and corrupt group of all is . . . today's intellectuals. They follow the crowd instead of setting an example . . . hold forth on undigested questions of ideology and, in fact, instead of acting as the voice of a people of which they are part, themselves make up a special party, one that furthers their own particular aims.

On European Politics

Hitler had just occupied Greece, and the swastika waved over the Acropolis. I suffered continual nausea and solitude in the face of these events . . . I remember being totally obsessed by a single thought: we had arrived at humanity's zero hour, and history was senseless; the only thing that made sense was that part of man which remained outside of history, alien and impervious to the whirlwind of events. If, indeed, such a part existed.

To have added that last qualifier was characteristic of Chiaromonte—just as it was characteristic of him that when some of his friends from the *Politics* group were being swept away by New Left idealism, he should keep pointing calmly to its authoritarian alloy.

For American readers, the essays on the drama are likely to prove the most difficult—to accept, that is, not to understand. Chiaromonte begins with a friendly discussion of Pirandello's notion of *L'umorismo:* "A writer is 'humorous' when his attitude is one of reflection, judgment, and humanity, in other words, when the writer is a living presence in his work. A distinctive

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feature of the 'humorous' writer is the rejection of the mask of objectivity (or of pure art, which comes to the same thing). The 'humorist' . . . is responsible for the world he creates . . ."

Clearly this is more than an esthetic thrust against the theaters of Brecht and Artaud; it opens a sustained moral criticism of a number of major playwrights and directors, all of whom are judged to be contemptuous of the true end of theater, "contemplated action" or thought embodied in dramatic event. Nowadays "men, taken in the mass, are not interested in contemplated action (that is, in *drama* in the true root sense of the word), but in action or potential action. That means a success of images, movements, gestures, and (secondarily) words that arouse overwhelming emotion and possibly active participation . . . It corresponds . . . to a ritual action, a dance or collective frenzy, in which we participate with limbs and nerves but not mind."

The polemic, which comes finally to a principled defense of humanism, reaches its climax in a direct attack upon Brecht: "If it is Marxist in form, in substance Brecht's opinion matches the conservative's and the philistine's: it is, in fact, typical of the conservative and philistine that they are interested only 'in situations faced with which they can act,' as Brecht puts it. This is exactly the reason why the conservative and the philistine really dislike either the serious theatre or any form of unbiased thought or free art."

A good part of what has been sensationalist, feckless and irrationalist in recent theater can be understood in the terms Chiaromonte advances—terms likely to be dismissed as merely traditionalist, though as it happens the traditionalist view of culture comes, in our distraught and decadent moment, to take on a strongly revolutionary import. But the matter is too complicated for discussion in a review, and others are better qualified to conduct it than I. So let me simply urge literate people to get this book. On the jacket Meyer Schapiro is quoted as saying that in Chiaramonte's book readers will encounter "a noble mind"—yes, and a noble mind struggling with its own uncertainties and desires, passionate in the quest for truth.

Irving Howe

Irving Howe's most recent book is *World of Our Fathers* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Keywords: A Vocabulary Of Culture and Society by Raymond Williams

(Oxford University Press; $10.95, paper, $3.50)

As one of England's most incisive cultural critics, Raymond Williams deserves to be better known in America than he is. While learning from the work of his predecessors F.R. Leavis and Matthew Arnold, he has challenged their attempts to separate culture from society, to define it ideally as the highest expression of supreme values against which not only individual works of art but also a whole society can be criticized and judged, and to associate it with notions of perfection through the study of the arts. Instead Williams argues for the idea of "culture as a whole way of life," and for the idea of literature as structurally, and therefore morally and politically, connected to the complex of relationships in a whole way of life. He writes about cultural and social issues directly, as in *The Long Revolution* (1961) and *Communications* (1962), about the ways these issues are re-enacted in literature, as in *Culture and Society, 1780-1950* (1958) and *The Country and The City* (1973), about developments in literature, as in *Drama from Ibsen to Eliot* (1952), *Modern Tragedy* (1966) and *The English Novel from Dickens to Lawrence* (1970), and he is also completing a trilogy of realistic novels, which includes *Border Country* (1960) and *Second Generation* (1964).

In all of these works Williams' goal has been to develop methods of analysis which, ranging over literature and social institutions, can articulate what he likes to call actual "structures of feeling"—the meanings and values which are lived in words, works and relationships—and clarify the processes of historical development through which these structures form and change. The independent power of Williams' critical attitude derives from his being at once a committed Socialist who understands and believes in the significance of literary form and a structuralist who believes in history as a way of understanding problems of form and meaning.

Williams' most original and influential work is *Culture and Society, 1780-1950*. This book, which does not easily fit conventional academic or commercial categories and has subsequently been

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classified as cultural history, historical semantics, history of ideas, social criticism, literary history and sociology, investigates historically the various meanings and relations among the words "culture and society" and "class," "art," "industry" and "democracy" as they are expressed in the works of crucial figures in British literature. Williams had intended to append to *Culture and Society* a discussion of 60 other words which he saw being used in similar difficult ways and expressing consciousness of changes in social structures of power, feeling, thought and value. But the appendix was cut by his publishers, and for nearly 20 years he has continued to revise it, finally rewriting his notes and short essays to make this book: *Keywords, A Vocabulary of Culture and Society*. In it we can see how he works, how he selects, analyzes, connects and evaluates those clusters of ideological assumptions in order to make us conscious of and hopefully to liberate us from our capitalist habits of seeing, thinking and living.

> *This is not a neutral review of meanings. It is an exploration of the vocabulary of a crucial area of social and cultural discussion, which has been inherited within precise historical and social conditions and which has to be made at once conscious and critical—subject to change as well as to continuity—if the millions of people in whom it is active are to see it as active: not a* tradition *to be learned, nor a* consensus *to be accepted, nor a set of meanings which, because it is 'our language,' has a natural authority; but as a shaping and reshaping, in real circumstances and from profoundly different and important points of view: a vocabulary to use, to find our own ways in, to change as we find it necessary to change it, as we go on making our own language and history.*

Keywords is thus an appendix not only to *Culture and Society* but also to all of Williams' work; it shows us what is made more explicit in his critical works and what remains theoretically implicit in his fiction and television plays. This is the value of the book and also its limitation, for there are serious drawbacks to such a presentation.

The vocabulary of *Keywords* is presented alphabetically in the fear that any other kind of arrangement, for example by theme, would establish only one set of connections while suppressing another. The consequence of hoping to keep all the complex relations among the analyses of particular words open as possibilities is that the book is not engaging as an argument proceeding from a beginning through an end; the form makes the book more accessible for reference than for reading. There are, of course, arguments in it, but they must be pursued by the reader across the book with the help of the author's own cross-references. So, just to take the first word, the notes on "esthetic" are meant to be read together with those on "art, creative, culture, literature, subjective, utilitarian." The reader soon learns also that some words are clearly more important to Williams than others, and that, taken together, his discussions of them express his values. A more extensive theoretical configuration beginning with "esthetic" would go on to include "Communist, democracy, educated, equality, hegemony, ideology, imperialism, interest, labor, liberalism, management, mediation, pragmatism, private, psychological, realism, revolution, Socialist, society, standards, structural, theory and work."

The difficulty of the book's form demonstrates Williams' position that any word that refers to fundamental economic and political conflicts cannot be reduced, semantically, to a single "proper" meaning, and that its important historical and contemporary variations of meanings and connections with other keywords point to real social processes which have to be studied in their own terms. But the form of this book, unlike that of his others, does not allow Williams himself to study directly "the real processes" of a culture in their own terms, which is what he does best. Williams' achievement as a critic is precisely the way he has connected in his work the examination of his own personal experience as a working class boy from the Welsh border who went on first as a student and then as a don to Cambridge, the historical progress of Britain's industrial society, and the texts of its imaginative literature. These are the real processes—life history, history, visionary patterns of life's possibilities and values—that Williams himself has so brilliantly shown us make up the felt sense of the quality of life at a particular time and place, a sense of the ways in which special activities combine into a general way of thinking.

In *Keywords*, Williams is working only with the signs and symbols, only with a map "to find our ways in"; granting all of their structural connectedness to the fundamental organization of our lives, words are not reality and can serve only to lead us to an understanding of our ways of apprehending it. Raymond Williams knows this, and more than anyone else he has shown us in his other works what it feels like to be alive in the actual country and to experience its "long revolution"; he has shown us also how to be properly "historical"—scrupulous, understanding, sympathetic—and principled and committed at the same time. *Keywords* simply does not allow him to do fully all that he can, and so it shall remain a working vocabulary, an appendix to his major works, *Culture and Society, 1780-1950* and *The Country and The City*.

Edwin J. Kenney, Jr.

Edwin J. Kenney, Jr. teaches literature at Colby College, Maine, and is the author of *Elizabeth Bowen* (Bucknell University Press).

Russia: The People And the Power by Robert G. Kaiser

(Atheneum; $12.95)

The Russians by Hedrick Smith

(Quadrangle Press; $12.50)

Two young American journalists who were in residence in Moscow at the height of the Brezhnev years have produced a splendid pair of accounts of contemporary Russia. Robert G. Kaiser of *The Washington Post*, and Hedrick Smith of *The New York Times* provide us with the most lucid and balanced dissections of Soviet life by American reporters in decades. Their books, like their dispatches from Moscow, go well beyond the recounting of surface events to grapple with the underlying puzzle of people, culture, mores and system.

I read the volumes during two of my own frequent trips to the USSR and Eastern Europe—a kind of instant reality test—and am convinced that they will not only edify the armchair novice but also offer fresh insights to the case-hardened specialist because the authors combine exceptional journalistic sensitivities with solid knowledge of Western, especially American, scholarship on the USSR. (One must

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also mention the contribution which sheer hard work has made to the success of these volumes. I can testify that getting Smith to sit down at his own dinner table in Moscow was a most difficult challenge. When he finally did quit work to put in an appearance after dessert, he would give his guests an inquisitorial grilling through the small hours of the morning on life and times in the USSR. Having Kaiser and Smith in the same room was enough to create a sense of total inadequacy about one's own basal metabolism.)

It is no accident that the books bear a certain superficial similarity. Kaiser and Smith were in the USSR about the same time and suffered from the same restrictions on access to people and place imposed by the Soviet authorities. They also worked together on some of the most dramatic events of their Moscow careers—for example, the secret interview with Solzhenitsyn; and not a few of their anecdotes and illustrations are drawn from the same well. Yet their approaches are different, and the differences in their conclusions reflect in some degree the current American dilemma over what to make of the Soviet Union and how we can or should respond to it.

Smith's great appeal is his ability to weave together a colorful and persuasive portrait of Russians as people, rich in detail and sensitive to nuance. The persistence of national character comes through again and again as an explanation for the continuity of Russian, and ultimately Soviet, behavior since Tsarist times. His warm and sympathetic accounts of family life, of love and friendship in an imposing social and political environment, and of patience and endurance in the face of perennial shortages and mismanagement are among the best I have seen. The chapter on class differences, and especially on the perquisites of the political elite, is a useful antidote to the naive arguments that the sufferings entailed in the Revolution and its Stalinist aftermath brought at least a measure of enduring equality. The chapter on women ought also to give pause to anyone who thinks that the grass is greener in Socialist societies. Smith's reports on life in the ethnic republics accurately reflect the balance between the overall success of Soviet rule there and the often surly resistance of native populations struggling to maintain a degree of cultural autonomy and engaging—partly out of a sense of self-survival, partly from sheer opportunism—in economic irregularities and secret private enterprise that would do credit to the Mafia. Smith's portrait is profoundly complex because the peculiar polarities of Soviet life are simply impossible to reconcile: personal warmth and decency coexist with frequent cruelty toward the defenseless; science and scholarship are revered but evidence is suppressed and history altered; professions toward internationalism and brotherhood are proclaimed and manipulated by hopelessly narrow-mined provincials; a society which is the self-appointed champion of peace and well-being drains its working population to produce high-quality weapons and gives them shabby and insufficient goods in return; and a fundamental human concern for others is contradicted by a popular enthusiasm for authoritarian rule in which aspirations toward democracy have no part and no future.

As they inevitably do for sensitive visitors, experiences with life in the Soviet Union have produced in Smith a passionate attachment to the human qualities of existence there, and a level of excitement and curiosity that sustains his narrative to the very end. It is all the more significant, then, that he has in fact produced a very gloomy book, and that his time in the Soviet Union made him more, not less, pessimistic about the prospects for the future. He acknowledges the very important changes in life which have indeed taken place—in particular, the diminution of brute terror and the real, if slow, improvements in standards of living in recent years. But he has put by any hope that the easing of international tensions and the entry of the USSR into the world scene as an approximately equal partner (with a corresponding lessening of the excesses generated by a historical fear of inferiority) will lead to an easing of life at home. On the contrary, he came away with the impression that, precisely when détente was an accepted slogan, domestic controls were tightened in compensation. Moreover, he harbors a strong suspicion, shared by many specialists not only on the USSR but also on pre-revolutionary Russia, that inputs of Western technology, far from influencing or changing basic Russian patterns, can be effectively incorporated to strengthen that vast system without significantly altering it. It is a discouraging message for anyone who expects a more liberal Soviet Union to result from the intensification of East-West relations.

Like Smith, Kaiser is eloquent in his portrayal of the *sui generis* character of the Soviet system and Russian life, phenomena that simply cannot be understood by analogy with Western Europe or America. Indeed, this is the single most urgent message of both books: that if we are to understand the Soviet Union, we shall have to approach it in Soviet terms, and put aside the perfectly understandable temptation to use as our yardstick whether or not they are becoming more like us. But they deliver the message from different perspectives. Where Smith emphasizes continuities in Russian national character as the wellspring of contemporary Soviet realities, Kaiser takes a more analytical look at Soviet institutions. His book is therefore somewhat less colorful and more schematic and scholarly, though no less a pleasure to read. Kaiser takes us inside the scaffolding that holds the system

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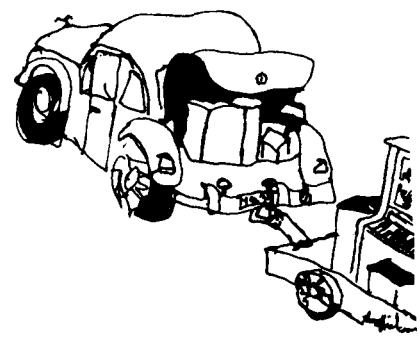

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together, and in the process treats the layman to one of the clearest explanations yet available of how things work—or why they often do not work—in the Soviet Union. In particular, his chapter on the economy is a model of exposition: he provides a sketch of the Soviet production and distribution process which is lucid yet respectful of the considerable technical literature on the subject. It is first-class journalism.

Kaiser's view of the Soviet Union is perhaps not less pessimistic than Smith's, although I sense a greater detachment and reserve on his part in coming to firm conclusions. Perhaps his focus on institutions leaves more room for the expectation of change than does Smith's emphasis on national character and habit. Yet there is a specific difference in viewpoint. Kaiser argues that the beast in fact may have feet of clay. He cautions against overestimating Soviet strengths or the willingness of the Soviet. Union to engage in risky overseas adventures, and urges us to avoid the kind of overreaction which drains our own resources and accelerates the arms race. His argument is not based simply on an assessment of Soviet intentions—which are virtually impossible to fathom anyway—but on his estimate of the limited capacity of the Soviet system to mount a sustained effort significantly beyond its own borders or, once engaged, to manage and control its overseas allies and dependencies. This is clearly not an accommodationist tract, but is a sober effort by Kaiser to correlate his estimate of the material and organizational potential of the USSR with its probable external behavior.

Between them, these two books roughly frame one major segment of the debate among American foreign policy centrists about what to do next with respect to the Soviet Union, Kaiser explicitly so and Smith by implication. If, as Smith argues, we have had and can expect to have little or no influence on the human condition in the Soviet Union, should we nevertheless pursue détente on other grounds despite its impotence as a force for change there? Alternatively, should we adopt a tougher stance with the Soviet Union because a jingoist and profoundly anti-democratic society is inherently a danger to us and to a peaceful world? (I emphasize that these are not Smith's arguments, but speculations invited by his portrait of Soviet life.) Or, to take Kaiser's approach, should be remain patient with, or at least indifferent to, the prospects for change within the Soviet Union over which, in any case, we have little leverage, and pursue a moderate course because nothing more is called for by the dimension of a Soviet threat which is real enough but nonetheless manageable, given our superior resources?

Neither book answers these questions, nor were they intended to. Their most valuable contribution is to provide an up-to-date inventory of Soviet reality. If they do not give us any basis for easy conclusions, they do provide some of the essential materials for an informed debate, which cannot—or at least ought not—take place without a solid sense of the nature of contemporary Soviet life.

I have not asked Smith or Kaiser whether, after an interval of absence from the Soviet Union and now that their prodigious efforts are completed, they feel any homesickness for the society and people who so absorbed their attention, affection and curiosity even while producing endless frustrations, skepticism and despair. But I expect that they do, since that is the kind of place it is, as those who read these books will understand.

Allen H. Kassof

Allen H. Kassof is executive director of the International Research and Exchange Board.

The Chetniks by Jozo Tomasevich

(Stanford University Press; $20)

Most contemporary history is the history of winners, and not only because the winners want it that way. The principals are usually around; the archives are kept dusted; and, ironically, because they can rewrite their history by keeping the archives closed, winners nearly always live outside it. The true story of the Yugoslav expulsion from the Comintern in 1948, for instance, is said to remain locked in a safe house on the Dalmation coast. The history of losers is somewhat different. Many of them don't live to tell their tale; others, in exile, are free to talk—some of them never stop—but much of their evidence is likely to have been destroyed, and the winners control the bulk of what is left. Losers, then, have to live with the history they have made or the winners have manufactured. They can't pretend that what might have been, is. My own small collection of the memorabilia of catastrophe is illuminating in this regard: a paprika can decorated with the map of "Greater" (pre-1918) Hungary; a Biafran one-pound note; and several dozen *Hunderttausend Reichsmark* notes dating from 1923, salted away by my grandfather for some no doubt good reason. The Chetniks' map of "Greater Serbia" reprinted in this book is typical of this kind of curio. Lost causes are nonetheless lost for being romantic. Last year a group of American airmen rescued by Draža Mihailovich's Chetniks went to the Capitol to urge the construction of a statue to their rescuer, whose name, they felt, had been unjustly besmirched by history. They did not succeed. The United States government has stopped building statues to losers.

The Chetniks is the first of three projected volumes on war and revolution in Yugoslavia, 1941-1945. It chronicles the activities of the Serbian royalist guerrillas who took their name from the 19th century companies of bandits who fought to establish Serbian independence from the Turks (also, incidentally, to pillage, rape and seize power for a pig merchant named Karageorge). Chetnik detachments served with honor in World War I. Volumes two and three will treat the Partisans (the winners) and the Croatian Fascist Ustashe. The author, an economist, Yugoslav by birth, who has been in this country since before the war which is the subject of his book, has written the definitive study of the Chetnik movement. It is definitive because, unlike other studies, it comes neither from the winning nor from the losing camp and because it makes use of the newly opened German archives on which so much World War II history depends. It is devotedly accurate, acknowledging all accounts of any incident, but discounting all for which no documentary proof exists. Where sources lie, and Tomasevich can prove it, he says so. This kind of information is found mostly in the footnotes, which are full of the sort of inside dope on which Balkanists thrive. As with other good books on that part of the world, the text of this one is not nearly so interesting or revealing as the notes—which explains

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why all students of the Balkans read from bottom to top. But the work assumes nothing about the reader's prior knowledge. Tomasevich recounts with few surprises details about the Chetniks as these have come to us from other sources, in many cases using the German files to transform allegations into fact: he details the lack of military preparedness of the Yugoslav (*i.e.* Serbian) army in the years preceding the war—an army in which 900,000 pack animals constituted a central component of matériel. Twenty-four hours after the German invasion, all the Yugoslav war plans had become invalid. The Germans were surprised at how easy it was. Tomasevich also explains the British reasons for initially supporting Mihailovich's Chetniks over the other Yugoslav factions, reasons having to do with a respect for royalist legitimacy and for military professionalism, as well as the valorous example of the Serbian army in World War I. He characterizes the basic Chetnik policy throughout the war as the avoidance of fighting the Axis in anticipation, spurred, without doubt, by an undying Salonika-front fixation, of an early Allied landing on the Yugoslav coast; continuous battle with the Partisans involving collaboration with the occupiers when necessary; and planning for the eventual establishment of the Greater Serbia of which now only the maps remain. Chetnik collaboration, which Mihailovich called "use of the enemy," is documented in painstaking and excruciatingly boring detail, although the only persons who remain to be convinced on this score are the grateful American fliers and the Chetniks in exile, whose minds were made up 30 years ago. Such German opposition as there was to Mihailovich was engendered not by his failure to cooperate with the Axis but by his failure to surrender to it, hoping, as always, for an Allied landing. This collaboration was continual and indiscriminate: it involved not only the Germans and Italians, but also the Ustashe, whose chief war aim was to exterminate every Serb in the country, and the Russians, to whom the Chetniks denounced the Communist Partisans as Trotskyites. The Russians, as things later turned out, believed them, but not in time to do Mihailovich any good.

The book's chief value is its use of the new source materials in clarifying previously murky details about the Chetniks' role in wartime Yugoslavia and about the conflicts within the Government-in-Exile and its relations with the British. The book is also good on the role of the immigrant press in the United States. In fact, the discussions of events outside the country are far more interesting than the treatment of the civil war itself, as the latter has been covered in numerous memoirs and official histories. One contribution to the latter story, though, is Tomasevich's careful unravelling of the British and American missions to the various Yugoslav groups. Reading through, I waited in vain for a confirmation of the celebrated account of a British airlift of boots for the left foot; it did not appear, which leads me only to the conclusion that Tomasevich had more material at his disposal than he needed; anecdotes would have been superfluous padding. But his account is so complete that one must now wonder with some disappointment whether the story is apocryphal after all.

Most recent scholarship on the Partisans, the subject of the projected second volume, has been at pains to do two things: to establish the early independence of Yugoslav Communist ideology from that dispensed by the Cominform; and to rectify the official accounts of Partisan non-collaboration. It is not clear from the current volume how Tomasevich proposes to treat Communist ideology. He does regard its operation as essential to the success of the Partisans, and the absence of any systematic belief system among the Chetniks beyond simple Serbian chauvinism as cause for their downfall. On the question of collaboration, though, it is likely that he will have something interesting to say. It is now reasonably certain that no one in Yugoslavia was clean.

This is a standard military history, with the virtues and weaknesses of that genre. There is little here of who the individual Chetniks were, how they lived, who supplied them, what songs they sang. One is tempted to the conclusion that only winners make myths, but that is patently untrue. The best myths are about lost causes. The explanation of the narrowness of Tomasevich's approach probably lies in his concern to use this work to lay to rest the residue of feeling in this country that Mihailovich was betrayed by the Allies. There is time in future volumes to discuss the relationship of a guerrilla movement to its peasant base. Tomasevich does attempt some generalizations about the war in the Balkans, however, observing that the Chetniks were typical of small power movements, naively assuming their political indispensability to the Great Powers. Even before the Chetniks' failure to fight the Germans became so serious an obstacle to the Allied effort that British officers were reduced to bribing Chetnik commanders to do so, though, Mihailovich did express his occasional doubts about the British. Tomasevich cites a speech made by Draža while drunk alleging that the British had no intention in the end of helping the Serbs. Churchill took umbrage at this remark when he heard about it, but of course about the post-war situation Mihailovich was right. Fitzroy Maclean's well known account of his conversation with the prime minister made that very clear. Churchill asked Maclean: "Do you expect to make Yugoslavia your home after the war?" "No," said the brigadier. "Neither do I," said Churchill, and thus ended discussion of British interest in the shape of the future Yugoslav government.

The Partisans did not await an Allied landing; indeed, they made it clear they would fight a British invasion with the same fury they directed against the Germans. And, in the end, there was no landing and they were successful. Through a series of tricks they took Mihailovich prisoner in March 1946, and tried and executed him that summer. President Truman awarded Draža the Order of Merit posthumously, but this fact was kept classified for 19 years, because Mihailovich was a loser.

Cynthia W. Frey

Cynthia W. Frey is a member of the Education Programs staff of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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Correspondence

Allegations

To the editors:
The article by Mr. Tad Szulc ("The Money Changer") in the April 10 issue of your magazine stated, "The CIA, according to my sources, had played a major part in helping to create the party (the Liberal Democratic party) and has backed it ever since." I wish to point out that the Liberal Democratic party has never received support from the CIA ever since its creation. Such an allegation will breed misunderstanding among the people of Japan. I therefore strongly request that your magazine take appropriate remedial measures including the withdrawal of the above statement.

Yasuhiro Nakasone
Secretary-General
Liberal Democratic Party

The Possible Dream

To the editors:
Your excellent editorial of March 27 on the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill ("A Job For Everyone") contains some inadvertent errors which I think deserve correction. The bill does not downgrade the "dream of a perfectly balanced budget." All agree that the budget should not be balanced when the economy is very slack. But the bill calls for a balanced or surplus budget in a full economy, and is directed in practical ways toward that objective. I have *never* taken the position that "busting trusts" is an appropriate means of fighting inflation. Although I favor many aspects of the antitrust laws designed to promote competition *etcetera*, I have always regarded "trust busting" as undesirable and impractical, and most recently stated this emphatically in a January 1976 publication of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. Nor does the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill provide for "trust busting."

Your statement that I am the "father" of the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill and the Employment Act of 1946 is correct only in a limited sense. I have for many years advocated national economic planning and legislative improvements in the Employment Act of 1946. But I had nothing whatsoever to do with the original draft of the Humphrey-Hawkins Bill a couple of years ago. I have been a major participant, but along with several other major participants, especially Jerry Jasinowski of the Joint Economic Committee, in many successive drafts of the bill resulting in the much improved current version, with a great deal of input throughout by the two principal sponsors. As to the Employment Act of 1946, it is correct that I originated the ideas underlying it in a 1944 prize essay, but the drafting of that measure was predominantly in other hands.

Leon H. Keyserling
Washington, DC

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Who's Liberal Now?

To the editors:
Reg Murphy's article on Jimmy Carter ("The New Jimmy Carter" *TNR*, Feb. 14) rightly points out discrepancies between Carter's present liberal, pro-black campaign rhetoric and his quasi-segregationist statements as candidate for governor of Georgia in 1970. Carter should respond. But as an Atlantan and a reader of the *Constitution*, I am aware that under Mr. Murphy's editorial leadership that paper ridiculed Maynard Jackson, Atlanta's first black mayor, and portrayed the inner-city area as a dangerous, undesirable place (it is neither). By implication, the paper set itself against the political gains of black Atlantans and seemed to express a "sour grapes" attitude. So while the paper and Mr. Murphy have been staunch foes of segregationism, their liberal credentials are, like Mr. Carter's, a big ambiguous.

George Wiley
Atlanta, Georgia

The Two Verses of Eve

To the editors:
Felicitations on *1602* (*TNR*, April 3). It's a gem. I understand a few more songs got deleted from the show during rehearsal—"I Have Offenbach On This Street Before" and the big Ben Franklin number about establishing the first volunteer fire brigade in America, "Everything's Coming Up Hoses."

Eve Merriam
New York, New York

The Dulles Factor

To the editors:
In your March 27th issue TRB says: "Foreign policy won't be successful in the long run in America if the people don't understand it and approve." The only problem is that the American people (and hence those seeking their votes) seem to be capable of accepting only two foreign policy alternatives: isolationism or "gung-ho" anti-communism. John Foster Dulles understood this, feared the former and engaged in the latter. Thus, he was much-maligned by liberals but generally supported by the public. As Henry Kissinger has discovered, a complex foreign policy is salable as long as all goes perfectly, but when there's a fly in the ointment, look out for the brickbats!

Bruce Reynolds
Warrensburg, Missouri

God Help Them

To the editors:
Lines on the Occasion of Reading the Review in The New Republic of the Letters of Stark Young (February 21): "His poetry, his plays, and his essays and fiction except for *So Red the Rose* have passed into the oblivion that overwhelms merely meritorious writing . . ."

May I invite your thought to this:
If you can so easily dismiss
The merely meritorious
God help the rest of us.

F.C. Rosenberger
McLean, Virginia

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The Classifieds

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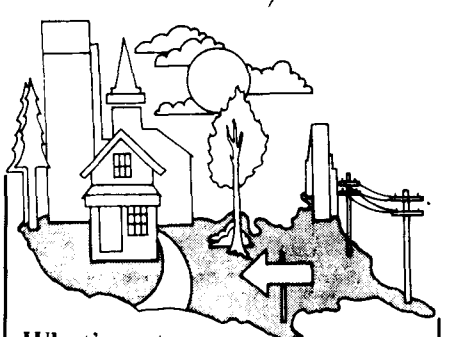

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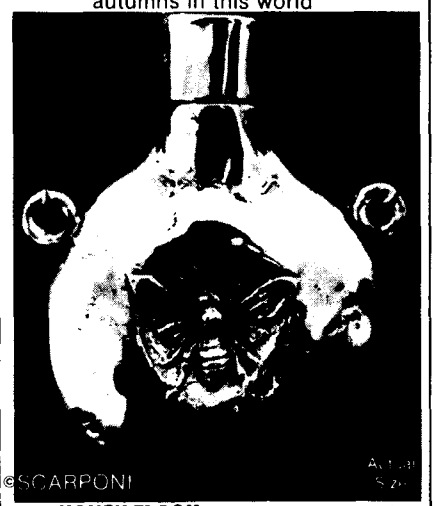

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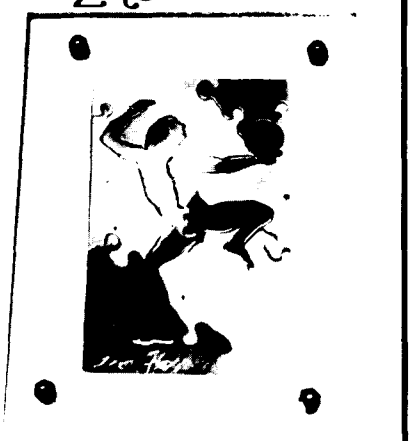

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